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"High time I had a real fling!" decided Miss Metcalfe . . .

When the school sent out, to parents and Old Girls, the notice about Miss Metcalfe's retirement, Sir Timothy remembered that 'M' had been his daughter's favourite at St. Anne's, and vice versa. He wrote to 'M', with a private contribution to top up the public whip-round—and some advice.

Thirty-five years is a long time to lead the ordered life of a hard-working school-teacher. And now Miss Metcalfe had a nest-egg. Retirement at the age of 60 seemed to call for something special in the way of a holiday—something quite, quite different . . . she wanted to see new places, meet new people, be warm, be pampered. And she never wanted to write Reports again.

She took Sir Timothy's advice—a sea trip, clockwise round Africa, by Union-Castle. It'd be nine whole weeks of sea air, with oceans of sunshine, and calls at the most Sinbad-sounding ports. And she wouldn't have to write a report of it, even for the School Magazine.

So one grey and chilly autumn afternoon Miss Metcalfe, seen off by Sir Timothy, the Headmistress and two of the Governors, leaned on the rail of the Kenya Castle, outward bound from London. Four days later she was in the hot sun of the Mediterranean.

She felt relaxed and lazy and wonderfully spoilt. She was sure she was eating too much. The food was superb—her appetite enormous.

9 sun-drenched weeks round Africa

She made a table-full of new friends in the dining room, and became honorary godmother to a noisy group in the Nursery. As they travelled south, she found herself shopping in places that previously she'd only known by their Latitudes, Longitudes and Chief Exports: Port Said, Mombasa, Zanzibar, Dar es Salaam, Lourenco Marques. And on the dock at Durban Sir Timothy's daughter, plus South African husband, was waiting to whisk 'M' off, by car, to see Natal, the Game Reserves and the Cape—and to meet the Kenya Castle and her heavy luggage again at Cape Town.

Miss Metcalfe, back in England, becomingly tanned, and feeling a far from ancient mariner, had had a wonderful holiday. They did persuade her to write a Report of it in the Magazine after all. And her Report was 'Excellent. Top marks in all subjects.'

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Volume CCXXXIX No. 3100

The SPHERE, London, October 31, 1959

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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IMITATING THE BIRDS—A REVOLUTIONARY BRITISH ORNITHOPTER: Inside a hangar of the College of Aeronautics at Cranfield, in Bedfordshire, is the ornithopter designed by Mr. Emiel Hartman, a thirty-nine-year-old London sculptor. It is designed to use only man-power to propel it through the air. The feather-like wings are moved up and down to provide propulsion by means of foot pedals and handgrips. It was expected that flying tests, towing the craft behind a car, would be the next stage in the trials.

What was claimed to be one of the best-kept secrets of British aviation was revealed last week when pictures appeared of an ornithopter, designed by Mr. Emiel Hartman. Taking two years to produce at a cost of £3,000, the craft has feather-like wings which are held horizontal by thick strands of elastic and moved up and down by pedals and handgrips. If, in fact, it proves that the ornithopter can keep aloft by the lift generated by flapping the wings, Mr. Hartman can claim to have produced the first-ever aircraft successfully powered by one man's energy alone. It was not expected that the present craft would be able to leave the ground by its own efforts; a much lighter craft would have to be designed to achieve that. Perhaps the main application of Mr. Hartman's invention may be in gliding, so that pilots would not depend on air currents to stay aloft. The idea of flying by his own efforts alone, like a bird, has haunted mankind. Roger Bacon, writing about 1250, said: "It is possible to make Engines for flying, a man sitting in the midst thereof, by turning about an instrument, which moves artificial wings made to beat the air . . ." He may be right.

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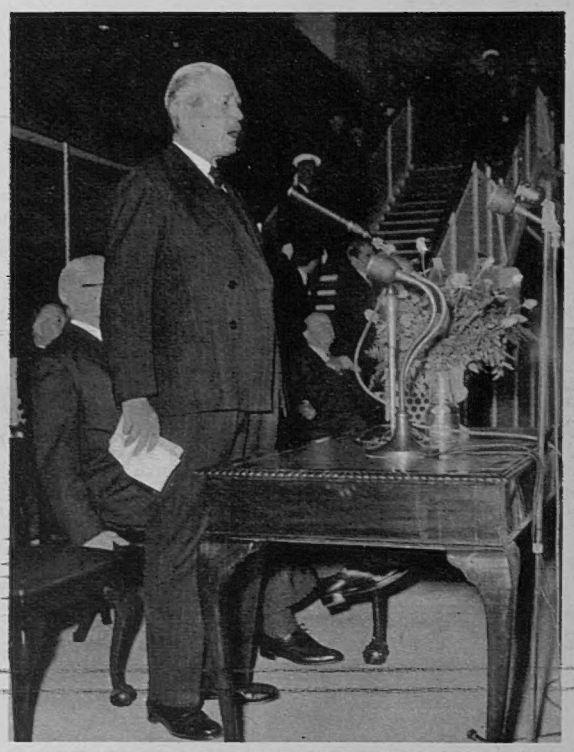

THE PRIME MINISTER OPENS THE MOTOR SHOW: Mr. Macmillan makes his speech at Earls Court, London, on Wednesday of last week. He spoke of the motor industry as "the most vital and most buoyant in our national economy." Afterwards the Prime Minister visited many of the stands in the show. Among them was the Russian stand, where he was received by Mr. Malik, the Soviet Ambassador. Russia is exhibiting at Earls Court for the first time; there are two cars, the Volga and the Moskvitch. *Right*—Crowds are thronging round the Rolls-Royce stand as Mr. Macmillan tries a Phantom V.

A London Newslette

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2

"Once More unto the Breach"—It never occurred to me for a moment that the Socialists would lie down under defeat for even a matter of weeks, nor that the Party would openly split apart. If *Tribune*, Labour's left-wing weekly, and once the voice of Bevan, is still the voice of undiluted Socialism, there will be no pause before the battle is resumed, and Prestonpans will be but a stimulus for a Culloden. "Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet?" Clearly, *Tribune* foresees that the Socialist come-back must find a Butcher Cumberland, since the methods of Johnnie Cope could not avert the late defeat at Prestonpans. But who will be the Butcher? Will Gaitskell transform himself into a Cumberland from a Cope? There is every sign that the bulk of the party respect and admire his leadership even after defeat. Will Bevan, if he be still a force, assume the role of Cumberland or will he be content to serve loyally under Gaitskell, ensuring a closing of the ranks and stimulating his leader to greater deeds of derring-do? At the moment he has already announced that he has decided on the latter and more estimable course. Another figure may later on arise to play Cumberland with perhaps a smaller army but better drilled and more resolute? We do not know; but, pace *Tribune*, the training programme, which is to swing the party more to the left is already prepared, and training will soon begin. The *Tribune* brains trust will go into action very soon again and younger recruits of the "New Left" will be co-opted to the panel. Pamphlets on party reform will be prepared and regularly published, and a full-dress and full-length conference on policy will be insisted on. A mild inquest will not do. The whole Labour structure and policy must be thrashed out and the unions must join in the all-out effort to retrieve Prestonpans with a Culloden within a few years. We have a breathing space, but it will be breathlessly interesting to all students of politics and to industrialists.

Mr. Speaker—Sir Harry Hylton-Foster had long been the Conservatives' first choice for Mr. Morrison's successor and, apart from the fact of his political colour and the feeling that it is Labour's turn, he will certainly enjoy the trust of all parties soon enough. Nevertheless, I think it a great pity that Sir Frank Soskice could not see his way to stand for Speaker. It would have been a gesture towards a return to the ideals of the Mother of Parliament if Conservatives could have joined with Socialists in electing a Socialist Speaker; and in Sir Frank's case I think they would. The impartiality and integrity of our Speakers has never been in question and the return of a Socialist Speaker is overdue. Certainly one cannot accept the argument of some Conservatives that the Conservative's handsome victory could justify them in looking only in their own ranks for a Speaker, since it is the duty of Parliament to look for the best man for the job available in the House, and those qualities are seldom all found in many men available at a given time. Sir Harry's "impartiality" is likely in the first months to be strained, if strained it ever could be, in favour of the Socialists who rise to intervene, if only to show impartiality. On the whole, we must judge that the objections to the method of conducting the negotiations raised by the Opposition were as conventional as were the new Speaker's "show of reluctance." It was to be expected. The Opposition put up no alternative, and Mr. Gaitskell indicated that the choice was not only inevitable but acceptable.

The Next President—The Americans are more politically-minded than the British. We groaned loud enough during the three weeks of our General Election campaign with all the hot-air and *tu quoque* it engendered. Those Americans are already hard at it and revelling in the fun, though their next "general election" will not take place till November 1960. Their Constitution, of course, differs profoundly from ours, and although there are two main parties, these early stages of the long campaign are concerned more with personalities than parties. The battle is engaged to secure acceptance of this or that candidate for nomination to run for the Presidency on the Republican and the Democratic tickets. Unless a *deus ex machina* jumps out, the Republican choice lies between Mr. Nixon and Mr. Rockefeller, Governor of New York, and both of them are now stumping the country. Mr. Nixon carries by far the shorter odds. The Democrats have no such "short list": Kennedy, Stevenson, Lyndon Johnson, Humphrey from Minnesota, and Stuart Symington are all in the betting, and other "acceptances" may still come. When it comes to nominations, the party dog-fight will be on, and then the R.'s will elect to win (as at present forecast) on Nixon and the D.'s on Kennedy or Stevenson. Both the last-named have handicaps which some students of form consider too heavy for nomination.

Kenya's White Highlands—I was sorry to read that on the day of Sir Evelyn Baring's departure an important Sessional Paper tabled by the Kenya Government evoked instant and fierce anger among many European farmers. It was the expected proposal to open the White Highlands to farmers of other races. Sir Evelyn had hinted at it in his farewell speech and had congratulated Kenya on its recovered prosperity, and paid great tribute to the courage and restraint which attained it. He called for the same qualities now to put right "certain things which are wrong." He was not more specific, but it seemed to me he had that proposal anent the White Highlands in mind among those things, and he confirmed it on his arrival in England. I know all too little of the history and present political set-up in Kenya to pontificate, even if I would. The European farmers, who expressed their anger at the proposal, argued through the leader of the United Party that the plan broke through every pledge ever made by the British Government to Europeans whom it encouraged to settle in Kenya. Incidentally, they argued that the plan failed to meet African demands, would discourage further European settlement, and was, so far as details are known, the wrong way to go about the business, and premature. These things may be true. One thought occurred to me concerning "pledges." Historians could cite a hundred instances in our history that the pledges of Kings and Governments can never be for all time, and often enough their abrogations have aroused bitter anger and have come to be accepted as wisdom and, in posterity, as justice. If such pledges were immortal, there would be no progress. If you list the firm pledges which have been given to Kings and Governments and by Kings and Governments and later abrogated, you will certainly decide that immortality never was and never can be one of their certainties.

Getting Prices Down—The first requisite, from a sincere effort to reduce the costs of production and to get prices down are not necessarily encouraging, as the gas industry knows. It is equally true as regards the products from coal and from coal itself that until those efforts are made, coal-source industries must continue to decline. The public, more and more set on labour-saving and efficiency, has been turning to oil as the best means of achieving both, and nothing can possibly halt that movement until really competitive prices establish that coal and coal-products are cheaper. The public will no longer submit to monopoly prices. There is still nothing quite so pleasant as a clean coal fire in one's grate. There are many housewives who prefer to cook on gas or solid fuel than on electricity. The objection to hard fuel is not only the labour of handling and the dirt. Its unpopularity is due to recent years of dirty coal at monopoly prices. And all the industries based on coal have been forced to continue monopoly prices because of the failure of the mining industry to accept soon enough the inexorable fate of a nationalised industry rooted in obsolete methods through fear of unemployment, and relying on "natural

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

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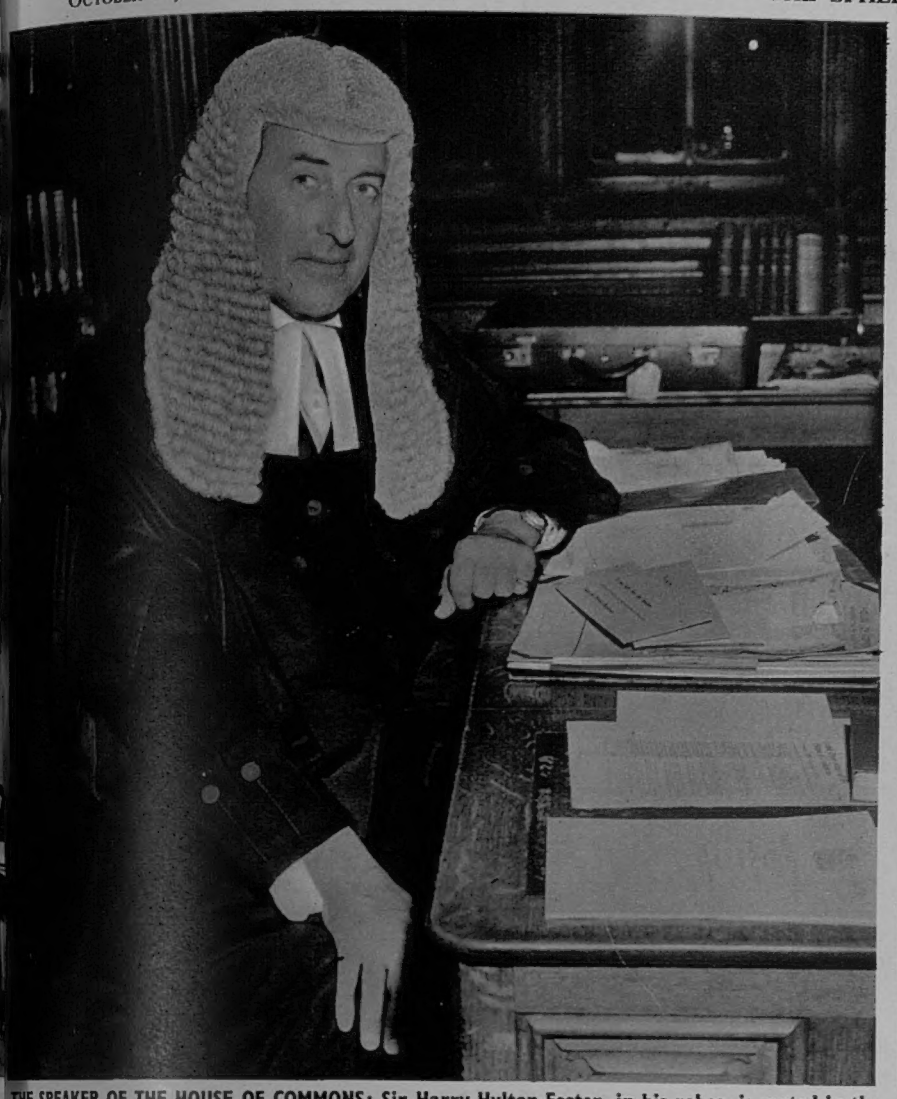
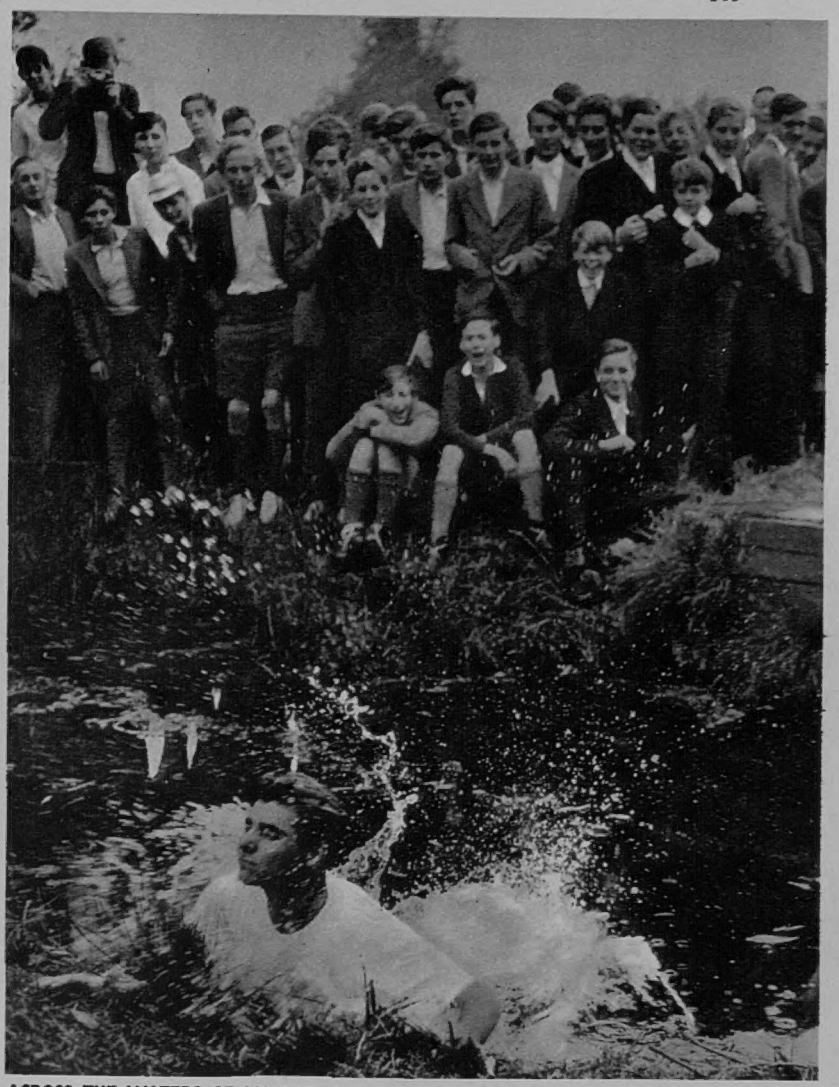
INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT IN GHANA



THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: Sir Harry Hylton-Foster, in his robes, is seated in the Speaker's Library. M.P. for the Cities of London and Westminster, and Solicitor-General in the last Government, he is a son-in-law of the late Viscount Ruffside, a previous Speaker.



ACROSS THE WATERS OF JORDAN: Some of the boys at Eton crowd the bank as they watch a competitor struggle across the Jordan during the Senior Steeplechase. The annual Eton steeplechases were held at the beginning of last week.

assistance" to maintain employment, with the consequence of monopoly prices ever rising for a commodity ever falling in popularity. Yet coal is still a prime source of our national wealth, and there is every reason why we should use it to the full while it lasts. A very unnaturally warm autumn has brought the crisis in coal to stark and urgent realism.

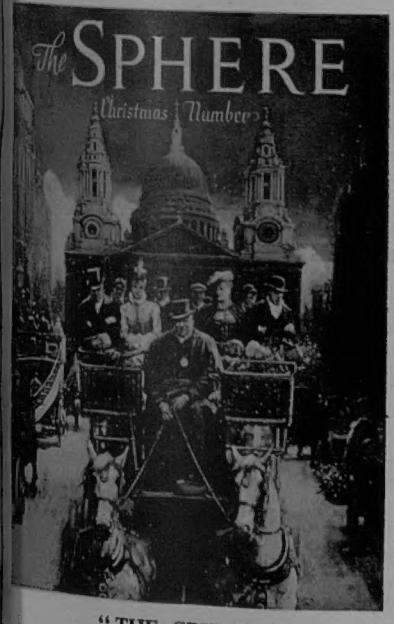
Potatoes Pay the Pickers—In the Isle of Wight potato crops are a record and the pickers have been earning up to £35 a week. It is hard, dirty work, but £1,750 a year strikes me as very good pay, even if only temporary. It occurs to me also that the growers' ability to pay such wages implies that growing potatoes in big crop years is remunerative. What is not so clear to me is whether the public which eats the potatoes shares in the benefits of a bumper crop. Perhaps with home-grown potatoes supply never for long catches up with demand, and that, with the inevitable storage wastage, the supplies in the most prolific years always grow short before next year's "earlies" arrive. But for the winter this year one would expect home supply to meet all demands with a consequent benefit to the consumer. The grower cheerfully pays me at the rate of £1,750 a year to gather his spuds. Does he as cheerfully cut the price to me as a consumer or does his ability to pay for picking depend on keeping steady the price at which he sells to consumers? We shall see what he and his controllers do about it. As I have an ample crop myself, I write as an impartial observer. I don't grow tobacco and still feel sore that an ounce of my pipe tobacco, which in my youth cost me 4½d., has lately been raised to 4s. 7d., at a moment when the manufacturers raised their already handsome dividend.

Queen Mary's Biography—That royalties can be relied on to earn royalties no author, publisher, bookseller or librarian would deny. Our Royal Family, dead or alive, is a subject of perennial interest not only in England, and the very shoddiest and least informed of such books find a reading public of a sort, especially if they deal with ancient scandals. The more "intimate" the disclosures, the more avid the public appetite. When we come to consider Royal biography on a higher plane, authorised or not by the Royal Family, we find, I think, that queens and princesses evoke rather more interest than kings and princes It is pretty safe to say that probably no Royal biography (and very few new novels or histories or general biographies by famous authors) has had such a remarkable advance build-up or a better Press (with a few bitter criticisms which merely stimulated demand), or has given such expectation of signal success as Mr. Pope Hennessy's *Queen Mary*. I do not know how many copies of the first Editions of Nicolson's *George V* and Wheeler Bennett's *George VI* were printed, but, if I am correctly informed, the first Edition of *Queen Mary* was a record for Royal biographies, and I make no doubt that it will not satisfy the demand by a long way. I have briefly reviewed it elsewhere. It is an expensive book, when one realises that many country libraries cannot afford to stock two-guinea books, but in one sense only is it "heavy." It is as "light" and exciting as a novel and sparkles with humour, and, for all its scholarly documentation and textbook accuracy, as an exhaustive and acute study of a woman, and, indeed, of several women and men, it has all the appeal of a great novel for all sorts of readers; which is not to underrate the compelling appeal of Queen Mary's personality and of the respect and admiration which the nation came to feel for her.

A Word for Mr. Bloodsucker—The Treasury's methods of judging a fair price for works of art offered it in part payment of estate duties has recently been questioned. The criticism in the main is that the valuers employed are not familiar with modern auction trends, but are museum officials. And certainly museum officials cannot compete in purse or soar to the heights of optimism of tycoons who buy at Sotheby's or Christie's. It is fair to say, however, that Treasury methods of acceptance and of valuations hits both ways. Works of art offered to furnish some great house which is to be passed over to the National Trust, no doubt present a special case, but hundreds of thousands of heirs of small private owners of objects of artistic merit must have been, and must be, grateful to the Treasury's "museum officials" for the remarkably low valuations they put on works of considerable merit in assessing liability to death duties. Time and again, such heirs, after a few years, have been able to cash in at four or five times the Treasury valuation on some valuable picture or piece of plate or furniture which had been assessed for duty with surprising official generosity (or ignorance). As an heir of very modest proportions, I have no quarrel with Treasury art valuers.

Sutton Place—One of the world's richest oil kings, Mr. Paul Getty, has bought Sutton Place, near Guildford, from the Duke of Sutherland. He wants a *pied-à-terre* in England. The whole estate is about 1,000 acres of very valuable land, and was once, I suppose, almost as extensive and potentially valuable as the neighbouring Ockham Estate when Lady Lovelace still ruled it. Sutton Place and *all* its acres would no doubt fetch over £300,000. Mr. Paul Getty has aquired the great house and some of its valuable contents, with some 200 acres of park, and he will have a jewel of a *pied-à-terre*. I shall be glad indeed if it is spared development, for this lovely terra-cotta-faced house, begun in 1520, is a treasure inside and outside, and its park is a lovely green reserve against Guildford's spreading out from the west towards London. It was built by Sir Richard Weston, a lifelong friend of Henry VIII, and Queen Elizabeth visited his son there. It has other famous Tudor houses as neighbours, Loseley, above all, built by Sir William More of material taken from Waverley Abbey nearby. Here, too, came Queen Elizabeth I and the first Stuart kings. Loseley is gloomy and spooky, though fine enough. Sutton smiles and *looks* more manageable than its thirty-four bedrooms and vast galleried hall suggest. Lord Northcliffe owned the house for a few years.

THE OLD STAGER



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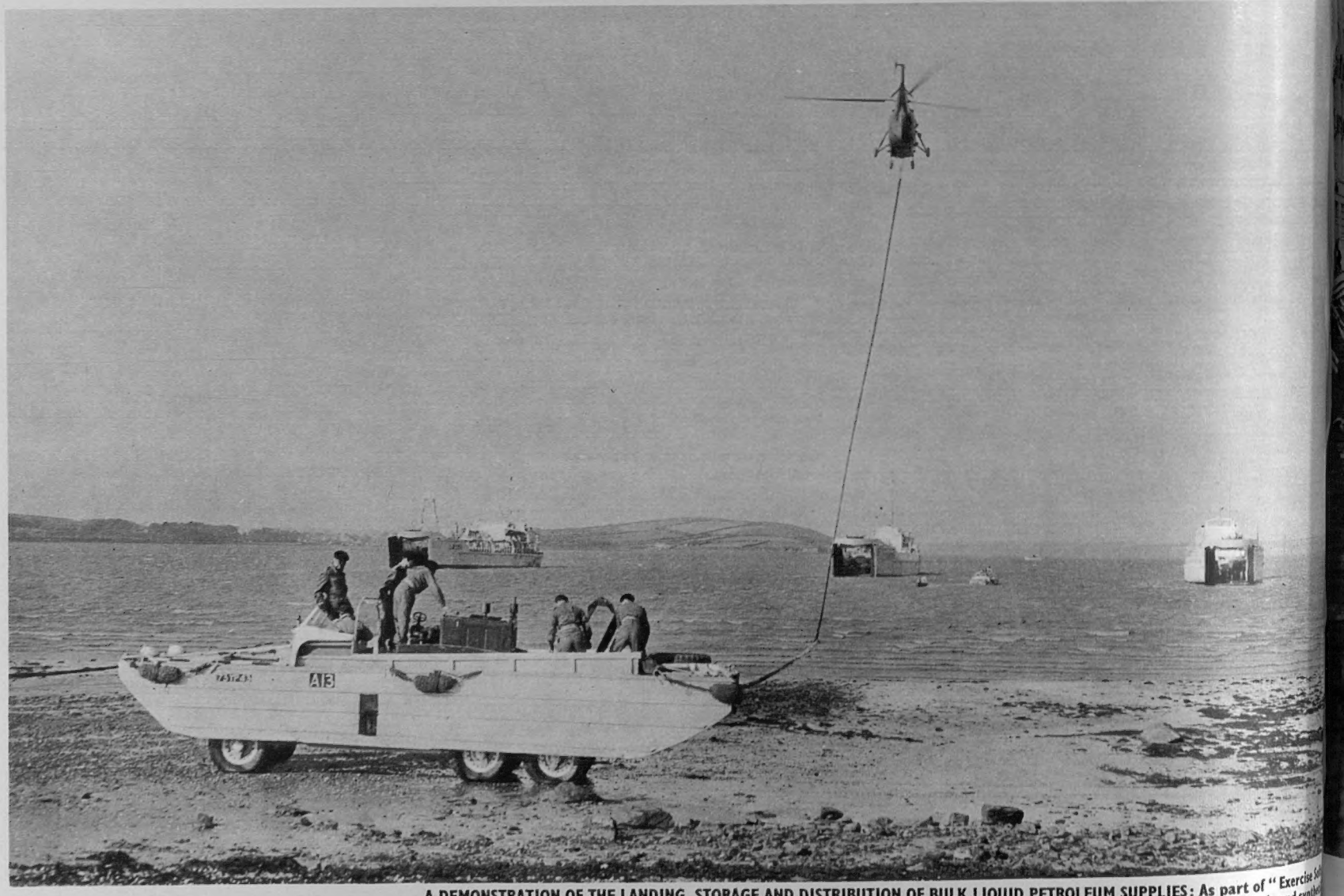
IT is not too early to place your order now if you wish to make sure of catching the overseas mails. There are many pages in full colour besides the cover illustrated on left. These include a new reproduction of "Cherry Ripe," Millais' famous painting, which had a sensational success when it was first published in 1880 in *The Graphic* (now incorporated in THE SPHERE); "Dogs Through the Ages," by Pauline Baynes; the "Court Life of the Sun King," by William McLaren; "Christmas in London," by Geoffrey Fletcher; "Still Lifes," by Jan Eversen; a charming Renoir; colour photographs of the Royal Ballet and other colourful subjects. In black and white is a magnificent oil painting by Montague Dawson; articles by W. Macqueen-Pope and George Speaight; and the work of several well-known artists—new and old.

MAN AGAINST NATURE IN CORNWALL

A NEW LIFEBOAT STATION FOR SOUTH-WEST ENGLAND: At Kilcobbin Cove, near The Lizard, in Cornwall, work is in progress on the construction of a new station for the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. In its erection the builders have had to overcome a number of obstacles due mainly to the steepness of the cliffs. One of the first tasks was the preparation of a shute from the cliff-head to the water's edge. Down this shute have passed the building materials, including large granite blocks, for the slipway and boat-house. Eventually this shute will be replaced by a lift which will be used by the men manning the station. So far, the slipway is complete and foundations for the boat-house are in place. The new station, which is expected to be completed by the end of next summer, will replace the existing station at The Lizard and Cadgwith, where conditions for launching lifeboats can be extremely dangerous owing to rocks, tides, and the weather. Another advantage of the new station will be the introduction of one of the Institution's largest boats, which are 52 ft. long. The construction is expected to cost about £75,000 and the new boat an additional £40,000. A new lifeboat station is also being erected at Selsey, in Sussex.



EXERCISES IN SOUTH-WEST WALES

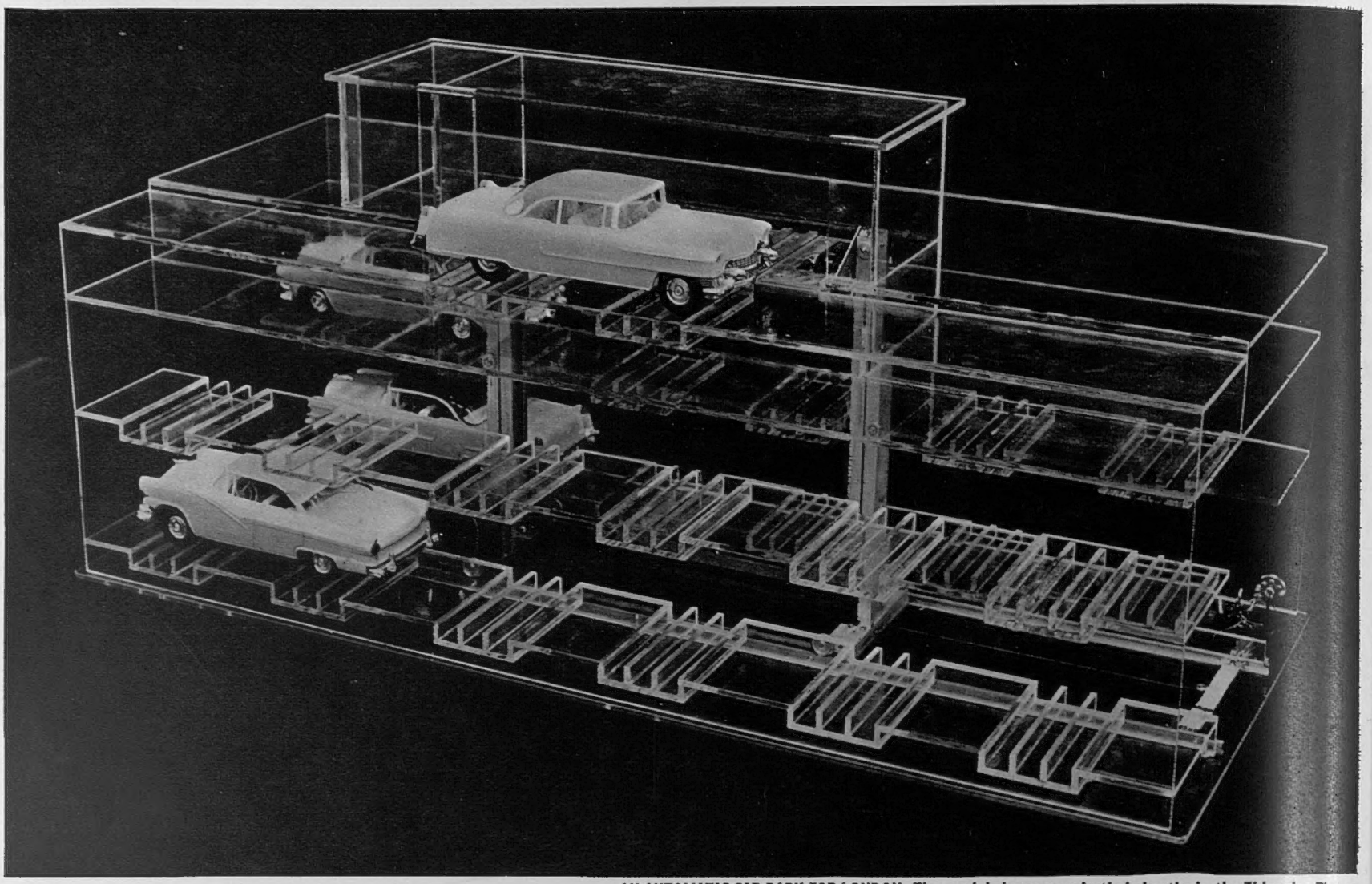
A DEMONSTRATION OF THE LANDING, STORAGE AND DISTRIBUTION OF BULK LIQUID PETROLEUM SUPPLIES: As part of "Exercise Softline" at Angle Bay, Milford Haven, Pembrokeshire, a helicopter tows a length of fuel piping (made of nylon fabric and synthetic rubber) to a "Dracone" collapsible fuel storage and transportation tank. The exercise, arranged by the Royal Army Service Corps, took place on land owned by the British Petroleum Company, who are building a refinery in the vicinity. It was held to illustrate the considerable progress which has been made since the war in the development of equipment and tanks for handling bulk fuels in the early stages of a campaign. These fall into two stages: a temporary system which can be very rapidly established, and a more permanent system which includes facilities for handling large ocean-going tankers as well as storage. The aim of "Exercise Softline" was to demonstrate the Army's ability to maintain a force with bulk fuel supplies at the early stages of a campaign. Following the reconnaissance of sites for storage tank farms, etc., landing craft, converted as tankers, moved in and pipelines were taken ashore for the pumping of the fuel.

WELLINGTON'S NEW AIRPORT

NEW ZEALAND'S MOST MODERN AIRPORT: The aerial view shows the position of Rongotai airport, which is situated six miles from the heart of Wellington. It stretches across an isthmus from Wellington Harbour to the ocean. In the course of its construction a hill has been removed and houses and factories demolished. The extensive alterations at the airport have been in progress since 1947, during which time it has been closed to air traffic. When it opened in 1929 as the country's first municipal airport, there was only a 25-acre strip of levelled space. With the completion of the present work the new runway and taxi formation will be approximately 6,000 ft. long and 700 ft. wide. Surveillance radar will scan the skies 24 hours a day for a distance of about 100 miles from the airport and precision approach radar will assist pilots down through any cloud formations. During the first year of operation, a total of seventy daily airliner movements through Rongotai have been planned. At the peak period aircraft are expected to land or depart at five-minute intervals. In 1946, air passengers to and from Wellington totalled 56,000. In the year following the reopening, it is expected the total will be in the region of 320,000.

SYDNEY FUNERAL OF AN AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER

FUNERAL PROCESSION THROUGH THE STATE CAPITAL OF NEW SOUTH WALES: The flower-laden army lorry pulling the gun-carriage bearing the coffin of Lieut.-General Sir Leslie Morshead leads the procession along George Street, Sydney. Twelve Generals act as pall-bearers as the cortège moves on its way from the service in St. Andrew's Cathedral (seen in the centre beyond the Town Hall) to the Northern Suburbs Crematorium. Behind the coffin walk two other officers carrying Sir Leslie's decorations, orders and medals. It was estimated that more than 150,000 people lined the route taken by the procession. Sir Leslie Morshead, who served in both world wars, died towards the end of September at the age of seventy. He was the leader of the Australian forces in the 242-day siege of Tobruk during the North African campaign in the last war. Later, he served with the Australian forces in the Pacific area. In the 1914-18 War he had served in both France and Gallipoli. In civilian life Sir Leslie had been chairman and director of several companies as well as being President of the Boy Scouts Association in N.S.W. and of the Big Brother Movement. Knighted in 1942, he also received foreign decorations.

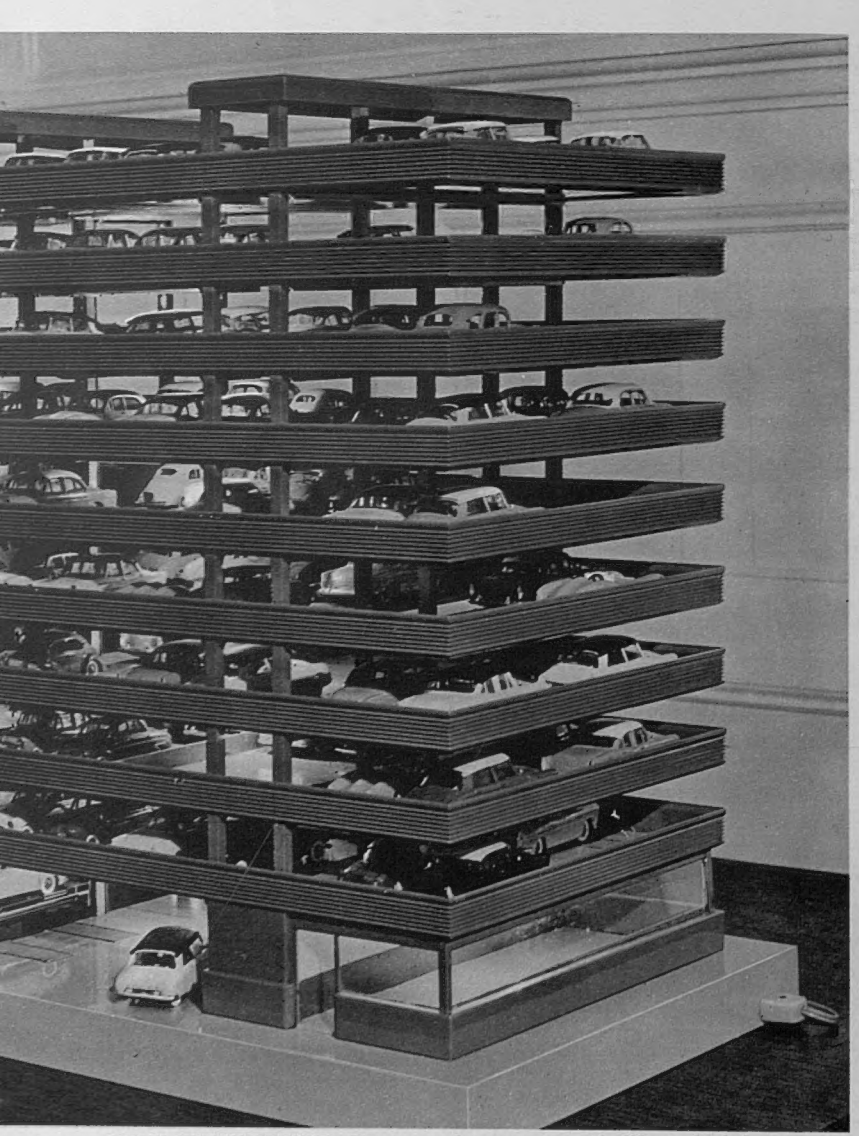


AN AUTOMATIC CAR PARK FOR LONDON: The model shows cars in their berths in the Zidpark. The car park, which will be the country's first fully-automatic one, is to be built at Southwark Bridge. Planning permission has been granted by the City of London Corporation. The Zidpark is part of a £750,000 development between Upper Thames Street and the river, which will also include a seven-storey office block, a public house, a club or restaurant, a service and petrol station, and a riverside walk. The car park will have accommodation for over 500 cars, including additional covered facilities at ground-floor level; the floors above ground will take 464 vehicles. The parking facilities will be electrically operated on a push-button principle. The layout on the upper floors provides for maximum movement of the cars, and a feature is that the cars are moved sideways on conveyor belts which are controlled from the ground floor. Transport of cars to the parking berth is entirely automatic as is their removal, neither the attendant nor drivers needing to accompany them to or from the berths.

PUSH-BUTTON PARKING

The Zidpark Project in London; Lord Nuffield at Earls Court

A PIONEER OF THE BRITISH MOTOR INDUSTRY: Lord Nuffield (second from left) is among visitors at the Motor Show inspecting an Austin Seven. Lord Nuffield is Honorary President of B.M.C. **(Further pictures of the Motor Show are on pages 190–191.)**



MULTI-STOREY PARKING: There are sixteen automatic lifts to feed the conveyor belts which take the cars to their berths. During a rush-hour period the park is capable of absorbing 500 cars an hour. A minimum charge of 1s. per hour is expected. A weekly berth at Zidpark will probably cost £3.

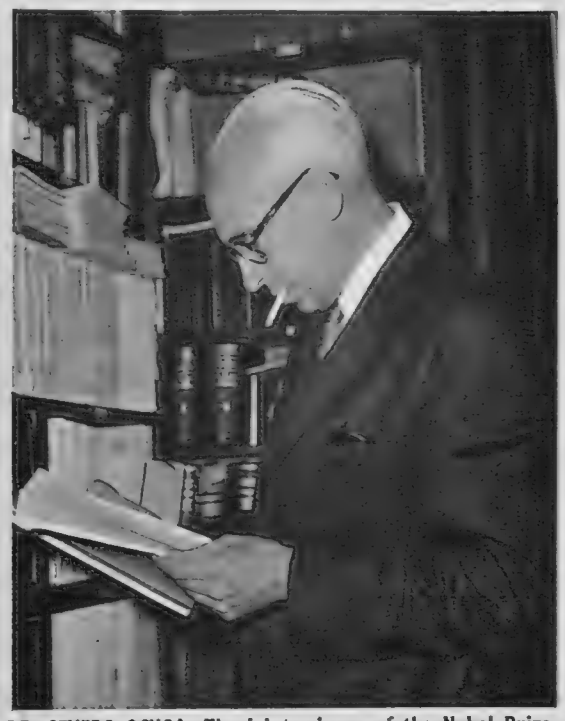
CITY DEVELOPMENT: On the left in the artist's impression of the Southwark Bridge project is the Zidpark, and on the right the office block. Construction will begin in November, demolition work having already started. The Zidpark is expected to be in operation early in 1961.

The News in Pictures

DEMONSTRATIONS IN PARIS: Members of the French public services—about 25,000 Civil Servants—march through the centre of the capital, on their way from the Hôtel de Ville to the Ministry of Finance, situated in the Louvre. They were demonstrating for salary increases. There was no violence, the demonstrators carried banners and chanted "Our salaries, our salaries." The Civil Servants protested that the Budget did not allow them a wage increase. But the Finance Minister, M. Pinay, presented to the National Assembly tax reform proposals, which would relieve personal incomes in 1960 to the extent of about £46,000,000.

A U.S. EMBASSY OFFICIAL EXPELLED FROM MOSCOW: Mr. Russell Langelle, chief security officer at the Embassy in Moscow, is seen in the Russian capital with his wife and children. At the beginning of last week he flew back to the U.S. The Soviet Government insisted that he was engaged in intelligence activities incompatible with his diplomatic status, maintaining that Mr. Langelle was apprehended with a known American agent to whom he handed coding equipment and money. According to an American version of the incident, he was abducted in a Moscow street and an attempt was made to enlist him as a Russian agent.

DR. ARTHUR KORNBERG: A Professor of Biochemistry at Stanford University, California, he shares the 1959 Nobel Prize for Medicine with Dr. Severo Ochoa. Dr. Kornberg, who is forty-one, was born in Brooklyn. From 1942 to 1951 he worked with the United States Department of Public Health, becoming Medical Director. In 1947 he was with Dr. Ochoa as a research worker at New York University.



DR. SEVERO OCHOA: The joint winner of the Nobel Prize for Medicine, he is fifty-four years old. Dr. Ochoa was born in Luarca, Spain. He began his teaching career in Madrid in 1931, receiving his first American appointment ten years later at Washington University, St. Louis. In 1942 he moved to New York University, where he has remained since. He is now chairman of the Department of Biochemistry.

THE RESIGNATION OF GENERAL MEDARIS: At a news conference in New York, the U.S. head of the Army Ordnance Missile Command denied that he was retiring from personal dissatisfaction with the operation of the agency. There has been much friction between Army authorities and the civilian National Aeronautics and Space Administration over the merits of various projects.

THE AMERICAN STEEL DISPUTE: President Eisenhower receives a report on the steel strike from Mr. George W. Taylor, the chairman of the special Presidential panel set up to investigate the dispute. Between them are the other members of the panel: Mr. John A. Perkins (left) and Mr. Paul N. Lehoczky. As a result of the report President Eisenhower instructed the Department of Justice to seek an injunction of the Taft-Hartley Act which would force the strikers to return to work. This was done, but an appeal against the court order was lodged by the United Steelworkers. As a result of the Union's action the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in Philadelphia granted a temporary stay of execution of the court order.

ANGLO-NORWEGIAN TALKS IN LONDON: At the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries are, from left, Mr. Maudling, President of the Board of Trade; Hr. Arne Skaug, the Norwegian Minister of Trade; and Mr. Hare, Minister of Agriculture. Hr. Skaug and Hr. Lysø, Norwegian Minister of Fisheries, flew to London for discussions on the planned "Outer Seven" free trade area. There was strong criticism in the Norwegian Parliament that the talks had broken down over Britain's refusal to admit Norwegian frozen fish duty free into the trade area. Hr. Skaug said on his return to Oslo that discussion on the frozen fish question would continue at forthcoming Outer Seven talks in Sweden.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

AT THE BALL: Princess Margaret is partnered by Major John Wills at the ball in aid of the Dockland Settlements at the Savoy Hotel, in London. President of the Dockland Settlements, she was a member of Major and Mrs. Wills' party.

A NEW VETERINARY INVESTIGATION CENTRE: The Ministry of Agriculture's new centre at Cambridge was opened last week by Princess Frederick of Prussia. Adjoining the school of veterinary medicine, the centre is less bleak than many of the Ministry's establishments in the provinces because of a considerable donation by Prince and Princess Frederick. Two of the Ministry's seventeen main centres in the service are situated in the eastern region. Their main function is to help the veterinary surgeon in private practice to treat farm livestock quickly and precisely when clinical observation is insufficent to ensure accurate diagnosis.

On left—

ABLE TO SEE AGAIN: Nabil Odeh, the boy from Bethlehem, who was sent to England for an eye operation at King Hussein's personal cost, leaves St. George's Hospital, in London, with his father. Blind since he was three, he can see again after eight years, following a successful operation.

A CEREMONY OF THE ORDER OF ST. JOHN: At the Grand Priory Church, Clerkenwell, in London, Miss L. C. Werren, of Launceston, is invested as an Officer (Sister) of the Order by the Lord Prior, Lord Wakehurst. Captain Popkess, Chief Constable of Nottingham, was invested at the same ceremony. In July he was suspended for a time by Nottingham Watch Committee.

AT FISONS' NEW NITROGEN FACTORY: Lady Gransden walks with Mr. H. G. Rope (Fisons' Sales Director) as they pass the stainless steel ammonia storage sphere at the recently finished plant on the Thames Estuary. The occasion was a visit to the factory by Northern Ireland farmers and representatives of the Press.

THE OPENING OF A CONTROVERSIAL BUILDING IN NEW YORK: The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, in Fifth Avenue, is the work of the late Frank Lloyd Wright. It was opened on Wednesday of last week. Since building began in 1957 it has aroused debate. It has cost well over £1,000,000 and holds the Guggenheim Collection of Abstract Art.

INSIDE THE GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM: In the Museum in New York, visitors stand on the long spiral ramp, which runs from the glass dome to ground level. Visitors are carried to the top by lift and they then walk down to view the pictures which are mounted on projecting steel poles and are at a distance of about 6 ft. from the walls.

MAKING A NEW FILM: Discussing Jean Cocteau's new work called "The Testament of Orpheus" are, from left, M. Cocteau, Luis Dominguin, the Spanish bullfighter, and Pablo Picasso. The controversial French literary figure is directing the film in the Southern French town of Les Baux de Provence. Picasso and his wife; Dominguin and his wife—the Italian film star Lucia Bose; and Serge Lifar, are all taking part.

"DO-IT-YOURSELF" SPACE RESEARCH: Mr. Kenneth Stevens sits beneath his radio-telescope in the garden of his home at Littleover, Derbyshire. An engineer, Mr. Stevens built the apparatus himself in his spare time from Government surplus spare parts. It cost him about £700. He claims to have taken the first photographs of galaxies millions of miles away. It is believed to be England's largest private radio-telescope.

AN INDUSTRIAL HARVEST THANKSGIVING SERVICE: An apprentice from a local firm makes his offering in Southwark Cathedral at the annual service last week. The service was organised by the South London Industrial Mission. The produce of most of the firms in the area was among the offerings. Edible goods were sent to hospitals and homes in the Diocese.

WORK STARTS ON THE NEW BRIDGE AT STAINES: Mr. G. B. Craddock, M.P., turns on the power to operate the hammer driving in the first pile for the coffer-dam. To carry the Staines By-pass over the Thames, the bridge was designed by the late Sir Edwin Lutyens. The Ministry of Transport's decision to use this design has aroused fierce controversy. Costing £458,000 the structure has a main span of 174 ft., and is due to be completed by mid-1961.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

DISPERSING THE CROWDS IN NAIROBI: Steel-helmeted police, equipped with riot batons, shields and tear-gas bombs, move through the streets of the Kenya capital. Some 4,000 Africans gathered outside the Nairobi magistrates court to greet Mr. Tom Mboya, the African Nationalist leader, and five other African elected members of the Legislative Council. A stay of execution was granted in binding over for a sum of £100 the African leader and his colleagues on an accusation of preparing to take part in an unlawful assembly—a banned march on Government House in support of a petition for the release of Jomo Kenyatta, former leader of Mau Mau.

OUTSIDE NAIROBI MAGISTRATES COURT: The six African-elected members of the Legislative Assembly wave to the crowd which had assembled in their support. The crowd carried Mr. Mboya shoulder-high to the Parliament Building 300 yards away. They dispersed amiably from the Legislative Council forecourt after the Riot Act had been read. During baton charges on the crowds, the police made several arrests. The day was declared "Kenyatta Day" by African Nationalists and a general call for a boycott on buses, bicycles, beer and cigarettes was made by the Nationalist leader.

STRENGTHENING THE BORDER LINE BETWEEN AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY: *Left*—Two Hungarian soldiers cut wood to reinforce the barbed-wire fence close to the little Austrian village of Marienburg, near Mannersdorf. Hungarian border guards have been making the fencing much higher and new mines have been laid. *Right*—In the foreground left, two Hungarians arrange a pile of posts, while Hungarian soldiers leave the border zone after working on the strengthening of the fences, at Marienburg. Although little new information in recent weeks has reached the West about developments in Hungary, there appears to have been little relaxation of the rigid Communist control imposed on the Republic since there were announcements at the beginning of the year that some 17,000 Russian soldiers had been withdrawn and demobilized on reaching the Soviet Union.

IN THE JORDAN STATE SECURITY COURT: Army officers accused of taking part in a plot to overthrow the regime listen to one of the counsels. The court recently passed death sentences on the former Jordan Army Chief of Staff, Major-General Sadiq Share'i, and on two other Army officers for their part in a plot while King Hussein was on a world tour last March. There were announcements in the newspapers and on the radio calling on four officers sentenced *in absentia* to surrender, so that they could have the right to oppose the court's verdict. One of those sentenced was Colonel Saleh Share'i, who is General Share'i's brother.

CONDEMNED TO DEATH: General Sadiq Share'i protests his innocence after the death sentence had been passed. The court will reassemble next month to try Brigadier Mahmoud Roussan, former Minister in Washington, and other officers, on various charges.

World Affairs

The End of the Marshall Era

By JOHN CONNELL

In a nation like the United States, where the cult of the "regular guy" is so insistent and so powerful, George Marshall was a remarkable phenomenon. There was nothing priggish or chilly about his aloofness from most of the concerns in which the majority of his fellow countrymen are passionately interested. They admired and respected him; the politicians made full use of his talents, but none of them, I think, except the astonishing Harry S. Truman, had much understanding of the kind of man he was. Of towering intellectual and moral stature, he made more than one serious strategic mistake, yet on all the great issues with which he was confronted he was instinctively and rationally right, and he never stooped to the smallest mean or dishonourable action.

One of the more persistent fantasies by which I have been haunted over many years is that I am the doorkeeper of a small and very beautiful hall of heroes, a quiet and private place set apart from the crowded sunlit *áyopá* in which, in the after-life, my friends and I will disport ourselves. The frequenters of this inner hall have never been numerous, and they become fewer as I grow older; but I open the gates with gladness for Rutherford, Einstein, Chaim Weizmann, Leopold Amery, Archibald Percival first Earl Wavell and George Marshall—among those of whose work and influence on our times I have some knowledge.

Marshall had been withdrawn from public life for some years and gravely ill throughout most of 1959, yet the knowledge of his death came with a sense of personal shock and grief, and with an awareness, too, that it marked the end of an era. Will history do justice to George Marshall, not merely to the noble strength and serenity of his character, but to the magnitude and durability of his achievements? Not only are there others hustling on to the stage to claim their share, sometimes rather more than their share, of the credit: there are very few analogies to Marshall, either as a soldier or statesman. Wavell has been likened, with some justice, both to Arthur and to Belisarius. Someone has said that Marshall was the greatest Southerner since Robert E. Lee; but with the greatest respect to Lee, is that comparison quite adequate? He seems to me nearer both in aim and accomplishment to someone like Hadrian.

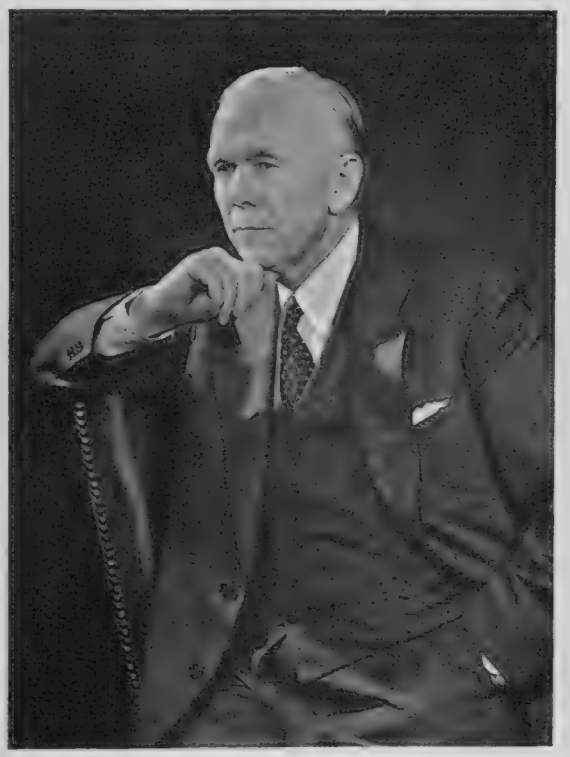
There are very few soldier-statesmen in history who have had the experience of bringing to an end, by military means, a long epoch of war, and then initiating, by political means, an era of peace, of increasing security and prosperity. Such was Hadrian's experience, and such was George Marshall's. We have grown very much accustomed in recent years—I know I have myself—to the Arthurian analogy. I have been haunted by the thought of this survivor of an ancient, sophisticated but declining civilisation rallying it to withstand the onrush of barbarism, and of social and spiritual chaos. My eyes have been fixed on the sunset glow that irradiated all that we know of Arthur's battles and rebuilding; and even in the wintry desolation of his passing I have discovered not only a certain stoic nobility, but an example for our own time.

I have lately begun to consider it possible that I may have been wrong, that my emotions took my intellect down a blind alley. It is possible, I realise, that the throes through which our civilisation has passed, during the greater part of my life, have not after all been death pangs, but travail. It may seem odd that the mind of a robust, sanguine, healthy and cheerful man just turned fifty should be resistant to such a concept.

In another thirty years or so my long-established frame of mind may seem quite incomprehensible. There are, however, several perfectly valid explanations for it: first, I can scarcely remember a time when death, destruction, hardship, impoverishment, enslavement and compulsory exile were not very real contingencies (for thousands, indeed millions, they were grim realities): second, while "progress" became the most obviously blown-upon word in the English language, a great deal of effort and ingenuity was expended by scores of intelligent people, all over the world, crying "Woe! Woe!" and some, at least, of the prophecies of grief and pain have been fulfilled to the last tortured gasp. The Communists predicted, it is true, the downfall of Capitalism and the imminence of world revolution, and have been proved wrong; but when, at shorter range, they were shrilly alert to the horrors of Fascist conquest, how right they proved to be.

There was quite a chorus of us, just over twenty years ago, bewailing the inevitable consequences of appeasement; and if we were of military age we spent the next years far from our accustomed haunts, as "brutal and licentious soldiery," but with plenty of time to reflect upon the accuracy of our forebodings. Even the contrapuntal rhythm of our internal politics, until this month's General Election, was an expression of the "Woe! Woe!" theme: "The Tories will land you in war; after twelve months of Tory rule there will be three million unemployed" and "Think of rationing, controls, regimentation; don't let the Socialists ruin all that we have built up."

A disagreeable, unhealthy and brutalising atmosphere, but we have all been habituated to it for a long time. All its patterns of thought cannot be shaken off in a week or two. But one lesson which the hard years of the era of destruction taught most of us was that though it is easy to stand on the sidelines, or crouch in one's own little dugout and moan "It 's all over, the battle 's lost, I give in, come and put a quick end to my misery, please!" it is morally repulsive and self-degrading; therefore, if it is only (like the man in R. L. Stevenson's fable) in order to go off and die with Odin, we must be bustling about, trying to deal with the horrors and the chaos which we so accurately predicted, and thus at least retain our self-respect and our courage. In fact, while it is perfectly proper and prudent to say in warning tones "Don't hold that milk-jug in that silly and reckless way," it is no use at all, when the inevitable has happened, crying over spilt milk.



GENERAL GEORGE MARSHALL: He died on October 16 in hospital in Washington at the age of seventy-eight. The creator of the greatest military force in the New World, he played an even more notable part as a civilian in the reconstruction of Europe. He was awarded a Nobel Peace Prize in 1953.

George Marshall was a Southerner. He came from a society which had spilt its whole lorryload of milk. He grew up in the aftermath of defeat and ruin, and apparently wasted valour. The end of the world—in any terms that they could understand—had happened to every adult man and woman whom he knew and respected when he was a boy.

I think the quality of his steadfast vision, both as a soldier and as a statesman, becomes comprehensible when this factor in his life is recognised; and his heroic stature is apparent. In what Lord Wavell used to call "the worst possible case for us," Marshall was able to see not only the small flicker of hope for survival, but the chance in due course to rebuild and refashion. This is a rare and precious quality. It must have been inherent in Marshall; his early environment strengthened and tempered it.

We shall doubtless go on arguing, in varying degrees of vehemence, about the strategic conduct of the war, in which, after 1942, Marshall's part was one of increasing authority and responsibility. His British opposite number, Lord Alanbrooke, made it clear in *The Turn of the Tide* that, while he thought him "a great man, a great gentleman and a great organiser," he was critical of his strategic outlook. There is, I think, a mounting tide of evidence to prove that, when they differed on strategy, Brooke was usually right and Marshall usually wrong—not merely from the British point of view, but from the point of view of the world as a whole.

But when the war was over, Brooke, as soon as he could, withdrew into that private life and leisure for which he had so deeply longed, which he had so richly earned. Marshall, who was a year or two older and had carried hardly less heavy a load (which, I often wonder, was the more exhausting—being principal military adviser to Roosevelt or to Churchill ?), soldiered on but in a quite new capacity. I think it supremely unlikely that any Party in Britain or any coalition of Parties would have wanted Alanbrooke as Foreign Secretary, though he would doubtless have done the job excellently, if his health had survived.

But the traditions and patterns of American life at that level are different; George Marshall had always been as detached from Party politics as any British professional soldier, but when he agreed to put his talents at President Truman's disposal as Secretary of State, it did not cause the hubbub that an analogous appointment would have provoked here. And, of course, Marshall's tenure of this office was the crown of his career. He and Ernest Bevin together took the first effective steps to banish the fog of fear, misery and hatred in which Europe was enveloped rather more than a decade ago.

Dr. Adenauer, in a speech at Bonn last week, which in my opinion has not received (in this country) the close attention it deserved, made a highly significant reference to General Marshall and to the Marshall Plan. He was outlining his own views on the forthcoming international negotiations.

"I hope," he said, "that there will be shown in them a spirit similar to that demonstrated by the late General Marshall in his great aid programme. General Marshall, a great American, helped both the victorious and the defeated. We can only hope that the future peace will be built in the same spirit. The Federal Government is prepared to make more sacrifices. The Marshall Plan drew a line under the past. It is never easy to forget, and we Germans cannot demand that everything be forgotten. I can only wish that the Marshall spirit will prevail among all parties to the negotiations."

This was not merely a graceful tribute to George Marshall's memory. It was a precise and penetrating assessment of what has happened in Europe since the initiation of Marshall Aid. Anyone who, at work or at play, has seen as much of Europe as I have in the past ten years, has no doubt at all about the material effects of Marshall Aid. Economically Europe's life was saved; and from a mere rescue act Marshall Aid became much more. It was the impetus of rehabilitation and recovery. To anyone who had lived through the 1920's and the 1930's, there was always an undercurrent of warning; a similar experiment, less resolute, less sustained and less efficiently conducted, collapsed in the nightmare years from 1931 onwards; was this second post-war revival as insubstantial and, in the end, as dangerously illusory as its predecessor thirty years before?

I think we are beginning to see the answer to that question now, and it is, on the whole, a hopeful answer. The reason that it is hopeful and not pessimistic is twofold: it lies in the moral impulse behind Marshall's own original concept, and in the practical impetus which Ernest Bevin's enthusiastic reception of it created and sustained, not only in the United Kingdom but throughout Western Europe.

Marshall himself put it quite clearly in his Commencement Day speech at Harvard on June 5, 1947, which launched the Plan: "It is logical that the United States should do whatever it is able to do to assist in the return of normal economic health in the world, without which there can be no political stability and no assured peace. Our policy is directed not against any country or doctrine but against hunger, poverty, desperation and chaos. Its purpose should be the emergence of political and social conditions in which free institutions can exist."

The success of Marshall Aid is enormous and assured. The Marshall era is at end, and in very truth *finis coronat opus.*

PLANT AT BRADWELL: On the left is the thermal dome for No. 2 reactor at the Bradwell Nuclear Power Station, in Essex. Men, on the right, are stripping the wooden shielding fr a newly-arrived heat exchanger. Weighing 200 tons, with a length of 94 ft. and a diameter of 20 ft., the heat exchanger is the last of twelve to arrive at the site. Each of t station's two reactors requires six exchangers. Those for No. 1 reactor are in position and five are grouped round No. 2. Work at Bradwell is six months behind sched

A TORTUOUS JOURNEY: The lorry towing the 200-ton heat exchanger negotiates a corner in a street in Bradwell-on-Sea. The huge shell was made in Thornaby-on-Tees and was floated, towed by tugs, from there to the Blackwater Estuary. The massive structure was placed on a trolley at high tide and taken by road the two miles to the nuclear power station.

PROGRESS AT BRADWELL

The Last Heat Exchanger Arrives at the Nuclear Power Station in Essex

On the estuary of the River Blackwater, in Essex, strong contrast is presented. Lying idly on t water are twenty-two cargo-ships, laid-up for want employment. On the southern bank one of Britain's fir two nuclear power stations is being constructed. Beg almost three years ago, the Bradwell station should st its operations, using its first reactor, in November ne year. About six months later its second reactor will in use. Whether it will be the first civil nuclear po station in the country is not known. Rivalling it for t distinction is the one at Berkeley, Gloucestershire, a in some ways but behind in others.

Last week the last of its twelve heat exchang arrived at the Essex station. The heat exchanger six for each of the two reactors—raise steam at t pressures, 775 lb./sq. in. and 195 lb./sq. in., at a tempe ture of 704 deg. Fah. Two heat exchangers supp one turbo-generator. There are six of these generat at the station, each of them rated at 52,500 kW., form the main generating equipment. Auxiliary power pumping the heat transfer medium, carbon dioxi through the reactor and the heat exchangers will provided by three variable speed turbo-generators, ea rated at 20,500 kW. The reactors each consist of a verti cylinder of graphite blocks, containing about 2,600 h elements from uranium rods. The reactors are h within steel spheres designed to withstand a carb dioxide pressure of 130 lb./sq. in.

Work at Bradwell has been put six months beh schedule by unofficial strikes. Bradwell, which is be constructed for the Central Electricity Generating Bo is not alone among Brit n's nuclear projects ha labour difficulties. The Hunterston station, being b in Ayrshire for the South of Scotland Electricity Boa has been put at least a year behind schedule.

NUCLEAR POWER STATION TAKES SHAPE: In the foreground two heat exchangers are in position beside reactor No. 2. The new heat exchanger will be hoisted into place to the left alongside them by a Goliath crane. In the background is the estuary of the River Blackwater, with idle shipping at anchor. Work began on the Bradwell Nuclear Power Station in January 1957, and it is expected that the first reactor will start operating in about a year's time. The second reactor should begin its output approximately six months later.

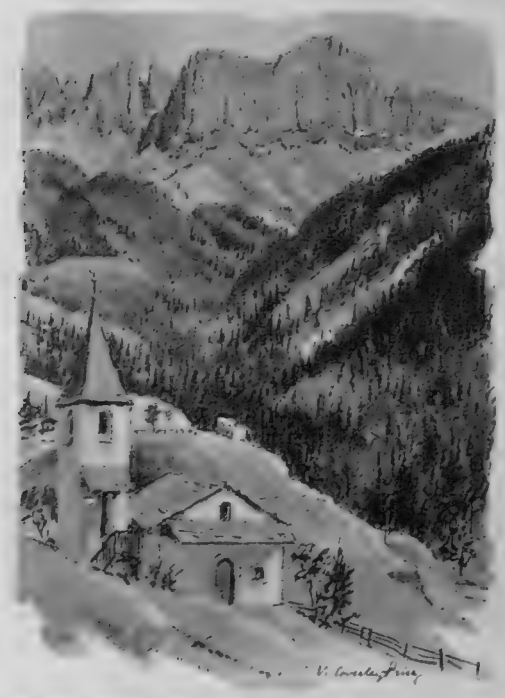
IN THE ITALIAN DOLOMITES: The Sasso Lungo, 10,436 ft. (left), and the Cinque Dita raise their fantastic crags above the vast Alpe di Siusi, a rolling plateau with pine woods and meadows that are gloriously colourful with wild flowers in spring. From the pass between these mountain peaks there is a magnificent view of the Marmolada with its dazzling glaciers. The plateau is bounded on the north by the lovely Val Gardena and on the south by other striking mountain groups.

ADVENTURE IN THE DOLOMITES

Written and Illustrated by VICTOR COVERLEY-PRICE

Thousands of tourists, including a number from the British Isles, visit the Dolomites every year, but probably only a few of them gain a real insight into this unique mountain region. A foreign visitor who spent a day in London taking a bus ride along Piccadilly, Regent Street and other main thoroughfares, or in New York driving through the principal canyons in the shadow of the skyscrapers, would retain only a hazy impression of either city. A trip by bus round the Dolomites roads provides a kaleidoscopic impression of forests, green slopes and precipitous bastions of rock—and a stiff neck—but, after a few years, only the latter will remain a vivid memory. The Italian Dolomites are worthy of a more concentrated holiday: they are, in fact, ideal for a real adventure.

Dolomite is a peculiar kind of limestone containing magnesium, unusually hard and excellent for climbing. The main formation lies in North-East Italy, between the valleys of the Adige and the Piave Rivers. There is a separate group—and some say it is the finest—in the Brenta, which can be reached easily from Trento. This ancient city, on the famous Brenner road that connects mountain-girt Innsbruck with pink-walled Verona in the Lombardy Plain, is at the centre of a region packed with historical associations. Midway between Trento and the Brenner Pass lies Bolzano, a town that retains an Austrian atmosphere, in fascinating contrast to the Italian appearance of Trento. Running eastwards from it to Cortina is one of the most spectacular routes through the Dolomites, with views of the Catinaccio (for long famous as the Rosengarten), the Sasso Lungo and other characteristic groups of mountains with ramparts, buttresses and pinnacles like the ruins of fabulous castles.



ROSENGARTEN: This sketch of the Catinaccio was made from the delightful village of San Cipriano, 3½ miles away. The Vajolet Towers, seen in the left background, provide some of the most famous climbs in the Dolomites.

But in order to enjoy the unspoilt beauty and charm of the Dolomites, it is necessary to adventure away from the tourist centres, such as San Martino di Castrozza and Madonna di Campiglio, imposing though their surroundings are, and to walk right in among the mountains. Even for non-climbers it is not difficult to reach some of the Italian Alpine Club's huts, which command closer views of striking rock formations that are unparalleled in Europe. It is worth while also to linger in a mountain village, like Selva, Nova Levante or Fiera di Primiero, where the life of the peasants has not been distorted by the claims of the tourist trade, although television seems to have invaded nearly every café.

For mountaineers there are rock walls and towers of every grade of difficulty and most of the huts are of a high standard. But perhaps the most perfect enjoyment of a holiday is to be found in walking with a rucksack from place to place, or from hut to hut over the mountain passes. A circuit of the Marmolada, the highest mountain in this region, gives a wonderful variety of scenery. With less effort, it is delightful to wander in spring all over the extensive Alpe di Siusi—carpeted with Alpine flowers—and then to explore the Val Gardena, where the Ladin dialect is still spoken. This valley is notable also for the excellent work of its wood-carvers.

There are plenty of modern hotels and inns throughout the Dolomites, and in early July or September there is seldom need to book rooms in advance. The people are friendly, particularly if you make an effort to speak their language. In short, the climber, the photographer or the botanist may well spend one of his most adventurous holidays in this grand region.

A NARROW PASS THROUGH THE BRENTA RIDGE: It is the Bocca di Tuckett, flanked by cliffs that are a challenge to the climber. The pass was named after a British pioneer climber who explored this region.

WHERE AUSTRIAN AND ITALIAN INFLUENCES MEET: The Gothic spire in Fiera di Primiero is a relic of the Middle Ages, when Germans worked in local mines. In the background are the Primiero Peaks.

BREAKDOWN SURVEY ON THE NEW MOTORWAY: An A.A. Rapide spotter aircraft flies over a section of the London-Birmingham Motorway south of Northampton. The motorway, due to be opened to traffic on Monday, is the first road in Britain to have this type of patrol from the air.

PATROLLING THE MOTORWAY

The Automobile Association's Work on the London-Birmingham Motorway

In advance of next Monday's opening of the London-Birmingham Motorway, the Automobile Association announce plans for providing a continuous breakdown service on the new road. The object is to keep the dual carriageway free from obstruction as much as possible and maintain a fast flow of traffic. The plans include, for the first time on any British road, regular patrols by spotter aircraft when weather conditions are suitable. The pilots of the aircraft will keep in radio contact with a mobile office stationed at the Broughton Flyover, near Newport Pagnell, in Buckinghamshire, and with a fleet of A.A. patrol cars. Flights will be continued until the full service needs of the motorway are known.

The mobile office, equipped with powerful radio transmitters, will be the centre of the breakdown service. Remaining on duty day and night, it will keep in contact with headquarters offices of the Association. The patrol cars, each carrying over 100 items of equipment to help motorists in difficulties, will be at work on the motorway between 8 a.m. and 8 p.m. daily. Throughout the night breakdown vans will replace them in a radio standby service.

THE MOTORWAY CONTROL CENTRE: A.A. patrolmen watch a spotter plane as it flies overhead. On the right is the new A.A. mobile office with its 50-ft. radio aerial. The mobile office will keep in contact with the aircraft, patrol cars and A.A. headquarters in London, Birmingham, and adjacent areas. A twenty-four-hour service will be operated, so that within seconds of a vehicle being reported in trouble the nearest patrol car may be alerted to go to its aid.

On right—

PICTURE FROM A SPOTTER PLANE: The mobile office and the patrol vans are on the Broughton Flyover, the A.A. control centre. The London-Birmingham Motorway passes under the two flyovers carrying the Dunstable-Newport Pagnell Road (A.50) and the motorway slip-roads. The A.A. spotter aircraft will continue to operate until such time as a complete assessment of the service requirements of the new road has been formed.

THE NIAGARA POWER PROJECT: Taken from the air and looking south, this view shows the construction site of the generating plant with maintenance and administration buildings in the foreground. Due to generate power in 1961, the project is financed by the Power Authority of the State of New York.

CONSTRUCTING THE CONDUITS: The section in the centre is complete. There will be two conduits, each 46 ft. wide and 66 ft. high, taking water from the intake gates above the Niagara Falls, a distance of four miles to the forebay of the generating plant.

POWER FROM THE NIAGARA

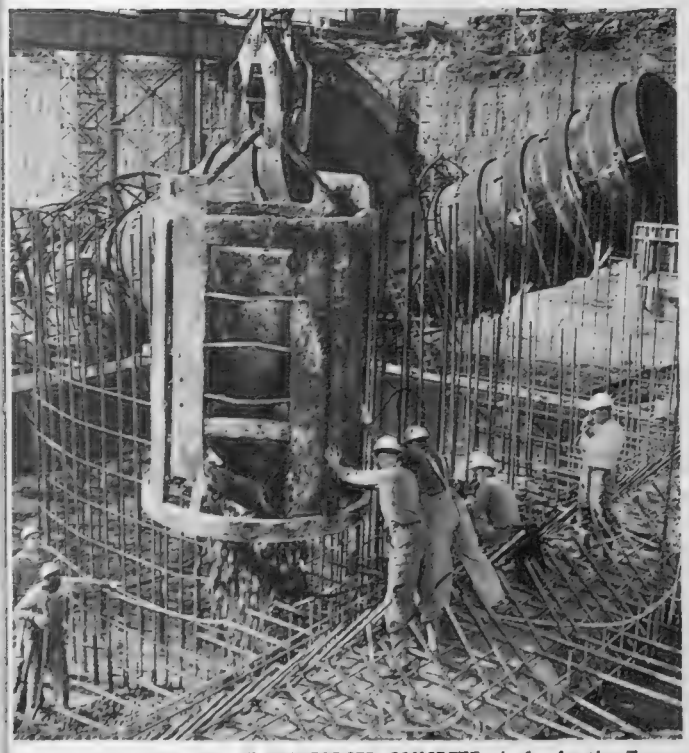
Huge New Generating Plant Under Construction

When the Niagara Generating Plant is completed a vast amount of new power will be distributed by the Power Authority of New York State. The first will be available early in 1961. An average of 200,000 cub. ft. of water per second flows at Niagara. By the Treaty of 1950 between Canada and the United States half of it must flow over the falls during the tourist season in the daytime. The remainder, for power, is divided equally between the two countries.

In principle the new generating plant is simple. Water is gathered above the falls and taken through intake gates. It flows for four miles through two gigantic conduits into the forebay of the main generating plant, then through the sluices and the turbines back into the river. But the scheme has been complicated for various reasons. At night-time the demand for power is low; therefore some of the power generated at this time will be used to pump water up 80 ft. into a storage reservoir to be used later when the demand is high.

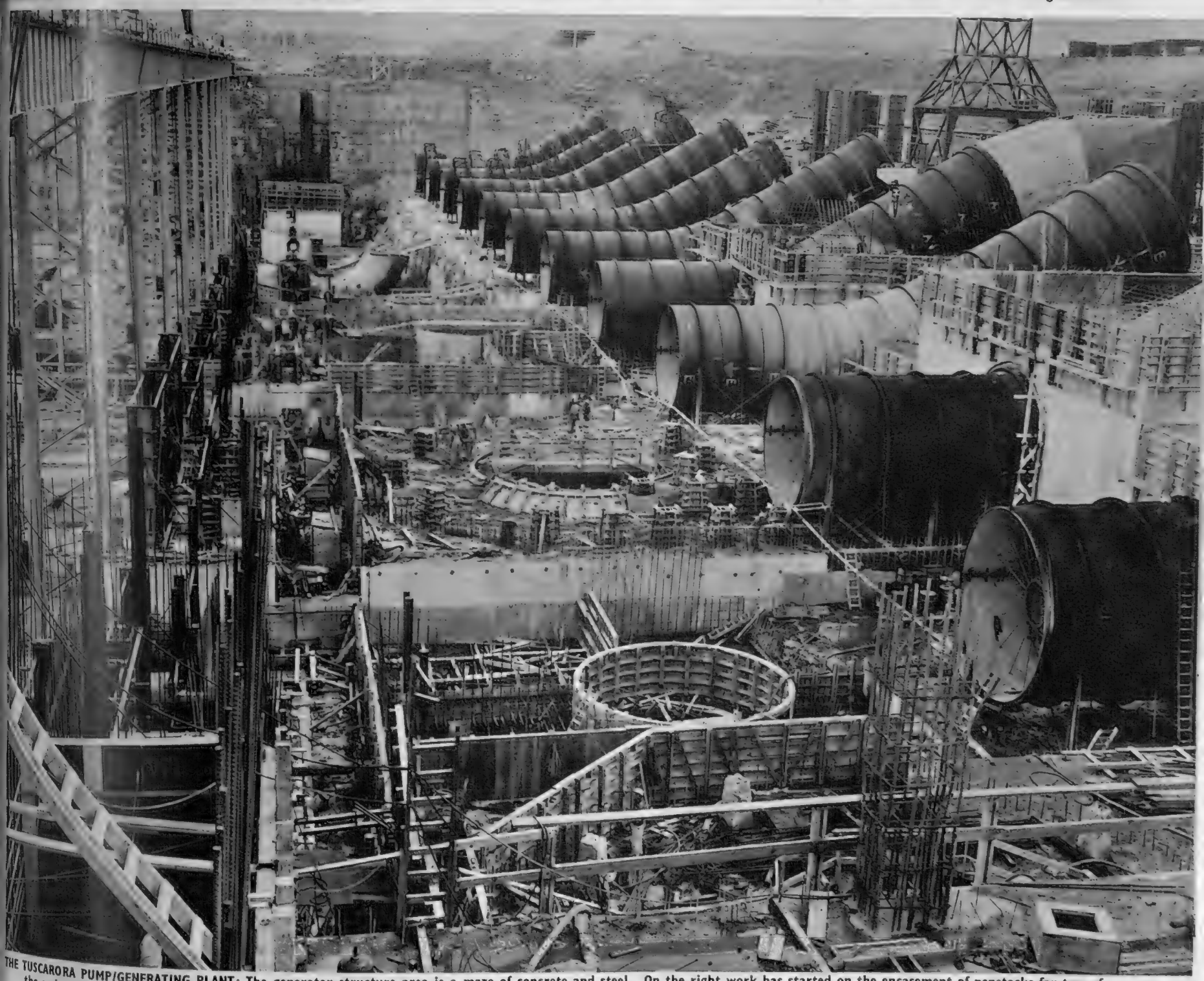
This has necessitated the construction of the Tuscarora pump/generating plant. Some of the electricity from the main generating station will be used to drive electric motors connected to pumps at Tuscarora to lift water to the storage reservoir. During the daytime the water flows back down again, rotating the pumps, acting as turbines, and the motors, acting as generators, in the opposite direction to produce electric power. The water continues to the forebay and through the Niagara plant to generate another lot of power.

The construction is complicated also by the need to preserve the beauty of the Falls and to improve other facilities in the area. Lewiston Road and the new Niagara Parkway will sweep across the top of the Niagara Generating Plant. A considerable part of the Parkway will be built by the Power Authority. It is planned that the St. Lawrence Power Dam and the Niagara plant will be used to reinforce each other to maintain a high level of power.



THE USE OF REINFORCED CONCRETE: *Left*—In the Tuscarora pump/generating plant section, concrete is poured into place in the intake structure. The workmen are standing on the inspection and drainage gallery form. On the right a signalman directs the crane by telephone. *Right*—Work proceeds on the East River Wall. The block sections are in various stages of completion.

AN OBLIQUE VIEW LOOKING NORTH-EAST: Work proceeds on the construction of the main structure of the Niagara Generating Plant. This will be 1,252 ft. long, 389 ft. high and will require over 1,000,000 tons of concrete. One-third of the length of the St. Lawrence Power Dam and over three times its height, the plant will have 13 turbine-generators..



THE TUSCARORA PUMP/GENERATING PLANT: The generator structure area is a maze of concrete and steel. On the right work has started on the encasement of penstocks for two of the units. When finished the plant will be 993 ft. long and will have twelve pump-turbine, motor-generator units rated at a total of 240,000 kW. The reservoir surface at Tuscarora will be about 80 ft. above the level of water at the main Niagara Generating Plant. It is a storage reservoir and will be used to provide more water when demand is high.

FRIENDS OF THE LAKE DISTRICT

The Distinctive Scenery of Lakeland; the Work of the Late Rev. H. H. Symonds; and the Proposal to Close Branch Railway Lines

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

I HAVE, rather belatedly, been reading the Annual Report of the Friends of the Lake District. I say "rather belatedly" because it is dated June 1959, but I do not think that it could have arrived on my desk in June because the printing strike was then in full spate. It may, in fact, not have been on my desk for so very long, but, whenever it arrived, it has only just worked its way to the top of the pile of rather similar reports and news-letters and booklets, many of which are sent to me by kind readers of THE SPHERE. They are always interesting and often provocative. But of them all, it is this one, the Annual Report of the Friends of the Lake District, which I read most closely and most eagerly.

I have been doing so ever since it was first published. This is not because I am particularly wedded to the Lake District. I have been there plenty of times, both for brief holidays and to work; I have walked over a good deal of it; and I suppose that I must have walked most of the heights that can be walked. (I do not climb: I have never been very agile and, in any case, I have never had sufficient courage to entrust my weight, which is considerable, to a rope.) But I do not know the Lake District well: nothing like as well as I know some other parts of these islands. I suppose that means that I have never really fallen in love with the Lake District, for had I done so I should go, as thousands do, year after year. This does not mean, mind you, that I am insensible to the beauty of the Lake District, or, rather, to the beauty of Lakeland.

There is, or there should be, an important distinction between the two. The Lake District, properly speaking, is the region bounded on the east by the railway line from Penrith to Carnforth, on the south by Morecambe Bay, on the west by the Irish Sea, and on the north by a line which runs in a rough semi-circle from Whitehaven, through Cockermouth and Caldbeck, to Penrith. Some of this is dull enough country, a good deal of it is very pleasant country, but little of it has that distinctive scenery which most people associate with the name "Lake District."

The distinctive scenery belongs only to a small inner region, no more than thirty miles long at its greatest length, no more than twenty-five miles wide at its greatest breadth. It is this inner region which should properly be called Lakeland. Nobody, surely, could be insensible to the beauty of Lakeland. With the possible exception of a little of the High Raise range (and I put that forward very diffidently), there is scarcely a quarter of a mile in the whole of Lakeland which does not truly deserve to be described as beautiful.

This is mountain scenery. But mountain scenery in miniature. In grandeur, if that is not too large a word to use of British scenery, it cannot compare with parts of Wales or Scotland; nor with parts of Ireland. This is not just a matter of height. Many of these peaks, judged by British standards, are high. Nor is it a matter of aspect: these Lakeland peaks have the aspect of true mountains. They are deceptive in appearance, can take on a stature many times their true height, can seem gigantic.

Some twenty years or so ago, it may even be longer ago than that, *The Times* published a story about a famous Swiss mountaineer who came to climb with English friends in Lakeland. On the first morning, scanning the jagged peaks looming up through the mist, he pointed to a ledge about two-thirds of the way up one of them, and suggested that they should spend the night there. He did not realise that that ledge was, at the most, a mere two hours away: he did not realise that he and his party would have climbed three, maybe four, such peaks before the light failed: he did not realise that these are mountains in miniature. But he did know, coming from a mountain land, that he was looking at genuine mountains.

THE BEAUTY OF THE LAKE DISTRICT: From Castle Crag can be seen Derwentwater surrounded by a circle of fells. The lake has four small wooded islands and is more oval in shape than the other lakes. Castle Crag, situated between Derwentwater and Borrowdale, is conical in shape and from its 900-ft.-high summit are fine views of both lakes.

It is all very, very deceptive. One of the most impressive places in Britain, one of the most impressive mountain passes in all Europe for that matter, is The Jaws of Borrowdale. Although it is awfully difficult to believe when you are there, Castle Crag is, in fact, only 900 ft. high: a height which is comfortably exceeded by many places in the South of England. Plynlimmon, in Central Wales, 2,468 ft., is nothing like so impressive: a stranger, in summer at any rate, might well not think of it as a mountain at all. The secret of the deception lies in the remarkable steepness of the Lakeland mountains: the way they spring directly from the lakes, from the floors of the valleys, towering above you, exaggerating their height.

Yes, it is all very beautiful and astonishingly unspoilt. This is all the more remarkable, for thousands upon thousands of people—campers, caravanners, hikers, climbers, tourists—visit Lakeland every year, and there is nothing more likely to destroy the beauty of a beauty spot than a mass invasion of holidaymakers. The beauty of Lakeland has withstood the onslaught largely, if not entirely, because of the work of the Friends of the Lake District. And they owe everything to the selfless work, the drive and personality, of the late Rev. H. H. Symonds. I wonder how many of the thousands who visit Lakeland every year realise what they owe to that great man, or how many have even heard of him? If they read the current annual report they will get some idea, for it contains an excellent memoir. But again, I wonder—how many of those thousands of tourists even know of the existence of the Friends of the Lake District?

I first met Symonds in 1933. We shared a carriage from Euston to Liverpool, and that is a journey I have never forgotten. I was sitting, waiting for the train to leave and reading an advance copy of *Walking in the Lake District* (which had been sent to me for review) when, just as the train began to move, he burst in. He noticed the book at once; knew, of course, that it was not yet published, and asked abruptly: "Where did you get hold of that?" I did not read another word on that journey: from that moment until the train pulled into Liverpool, Symonds talked. He very soon discovered that I was not truly in love with Lakeland and much preferred Wales. Although H.H.S. was also a lover of Wales, particularly North Wales (for he was a pioneer of the Youth Hostels Movement and many of the hostels now established in North Wales are due to him), he set about "selling" me Lakeland.

It is due to him that I receive every year copies of news-letters and the annual report. It is certainly not his fault that I am even now not wholly in love with Lakeland. But I remember the journey particularly, because during it he spent some time talking about the idea, which was new to me then, of making Lakeland a National Park. That, remember, was in 1933. The Lake District National Park came into formal being in 1951. He was a forward-looking man.

He was closely involved in all the preliminary work and the almost endless discussions which led to the National Parks Act of 1949. But with the Act itself he was not very pleased. The memoir, as is proper, stresses this and mentions some of his chief criticisms: that it was weak and vague where it should have been strong and forthright; that the powers it conferred on those who should be the chief guardians of National Parks were advisory rather than executive; that the duties laid on local planners were too often permissive instead of mandatory. He did not think that the national interest would be effectively represented in the framework set up by the Act. I treasure a letter from him at this time in which he sets out his criticisms most forcefully—and he could write very well indeed. His *Afforestation in the Lake District*, which was published in 1936, is surely one of the most brilliant pieces of polemical writing in the English language. Time has shown that some of these criticisms, some of his fears, were well justified.

I did not meet Symonds very often, perhaps no more than half-a-dozen times over a period of twenty-five years, and I do not suppose that we wrote to each other more than twice a year, if that. He was not a man of acquaintance. He was a man who made staunch friends; and, I am sure, staunch enemies, for he was, by nature, a born leader, and born leaders always make some enemies. It cannot be otherwise. But it was his outstanding qualities, fearlessness, dislike of compromise, enormous capacity for absorbing detail, and a wit which could at times be devastating, which served the Friends of the Lake District so well in their continuous struggle to preserve Lakeland against the encroachment of modern industrial progress. Such a man is going to be severely missed, and particularly at this time when the Friends of the Lake District face what may well prove to be their most severe test. Symonds would have enjoyed the fight that lies ahead, the closing of branch railway lines.

The Minister has already given his approval for the withdrawal of the passenger service on the Coniston branch line. And there are now proposals involving the lines from Tebay to Kirkby Stephen, from Kirkby Stephen through Appleby to Penrith, the branch to Lakeland at the foot of Windermere, certain lines in Westmorland; and it has even been suggested that the Penrith, Keswick, Cockermouth line might be closed. The implications, for the Lake District generally, are serious; so serious that they can only be described as grim.

The roads of the Lake District are already sub-standard (judged, that is, by the standards of modern motorways), and they are already heavily congested during the summer months by tourist traffic, and heavily enough at any season by normal business traffic. A good deal of heavy industrial traffic, which with a proper trunk-road system would be diverted, uses the roads of the Lake District. If the branch lines are closed, this road traffic must inevitably become heavier still and the modern roads simply will not be able to take it. Millions upon millions of pounds will have to be spent on adapting the present road system or building a new one, and in the process the amenities of Lakeland will surely be destroyed.

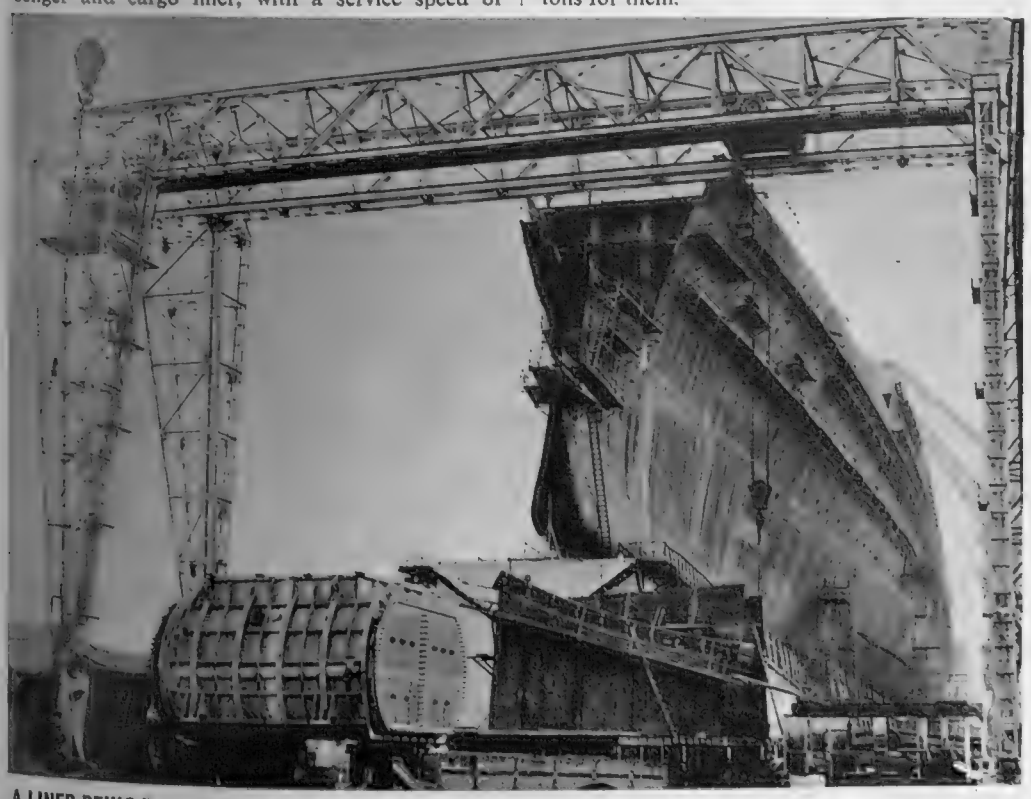
Take a look at the roadside "furniture" of any main road in this country and you will at once realise what is involved for Lakeland from the scenic point of view. And that takes no account of noise. Within the next year or two the Lake District is going to face a most serious crisis. It is not one that should be faced by the Friends of the Lake District alone. This is a National Park. If the title means anything, then the fact that a branch line may be uneconomic ought not to matter so very much.

A NEW PASSENGER AND CARGO LINER TAKES THE WATER: The 20,000-ton R.M.S. *Aragon* is moved by tugs to her fitting-out berth after the launching ceremony at the Belfast yard of Harland and Wolff Limited. She is being built for the Royal Mail Lines and is to sail on her maiden voyage to South America in April.

NEW LINERS FOR ATLANTIC SERVICE

R.M.S. "Aragon" is Launched at Belfast; Work Proceeds on the New French Liner "France"

The newly-launched *Aragon* is the second of three vessels of the same class under construction at Belfast for Royal Mail Lines Limited. The first of the three, *Amazon*, which was named and launched by Princess Margaret in July, is now nearing completion, while the third, *Arlanza*, is on the slipway in the early stages of construction. All three vessels are being built to replace the company's Highland class ships on the service between Britain and South America; *Amazon* is due to enter service on January 22 and *Aragon* on April 29. No date has yet been given for the launching of *Arlanza*. R.M.S. *Aragon*, a twin-screw diesel-engined passenger and cargo liner, with a service speed of 17½ knots, has an overall length of approximately 584 ft. and a breadth of 78 ft. During her fitting out she will be equipped with a tripod signal mast and a single funnel of distinctive design. Denny-Brown stabilisers will also be installed to minimise rolling in bad weather. The liner will have accommodation for 107 first-class passengers; 82 in cabin class, and 275 in third class. Speaking after the launching ceremony, Sir Frederick Rebbeck, chairman of the builders, said that when the present programme of the Royal Mail Lines group had been completed at Belfast, they would have launched almost one million gross tons for them.



A LINER BEING BUILT IN FRANCE: Huge cranes are at work on the *France*, which is being constructed at Saint-Nazaire for the French Line. Prefabrication methods have resulted in a speeding of the building of the 55,000-ton vessel, which was laid down two years ago and which will be launched next May. Entering service early in 1962, she will run between Havre, Southampton and New York. She is 1,035 ft. long, making her the world's longest ship. The *France* will be driven by steam turbines, having eight boilers. Her service speed will be 31 knots and she will make the transatlantic crossing in five days. She will have accommodation for 2,000 passengers, 500 in first class and 1,500 in tourist class. Two pairs of stabilisers, which will reduce roll to 2 degrees, are to be fitted.

LEAVING THE SLIPWAY: R.M.S. *Aragon*, which will carry 464 passengers, enters the water. She was launched by Lady Snedden, wife of Sir Richard Snedden, Director of The Shipping Federation.

THE FLIGHT OF THE BUTTERFLY: Taken with a very high-speed camera, these pictures show the varying movements of a butterfly's flight. Those in the centre demonstrate how the wings bend against the air pressure. The pictures were selected from a film made with an ultra-high speed camera, which takes 9,000 frames a second on 16 mm. film. This was developed after ten years of research by Professor Hisashi Kamogawa of the Shizuoka University in Japan. It cost him £600 to make the prototype, which, it is claimed, can record every motion of a fast-moving object. In general the wings of butterflies are more or less thickly covered with minute scales, often iridescent in hue. A large white beats its wings when flying fast about twelve times per second, but other species have much higher rates. Some moths have even faster wing beats—the humming-bird hawkmoth can achieve eighty-five beats a second.

ILLUMINATED AGAINST THE NIGHT SKY: The graceful lines of the Clifton Suspension Bridge are reflected in the waters of the Avon at Bristol. It was one of a number of landmarks which were illuminated to mark the centenary of the death of Isambard Kingdom Brunel. The bridge was decked with over 5,000 lamps, needing nearly 7,000 yards of cable, provided by Siemens Edison Swan Ltd. This unusual picture demonstrates the grace of the design which, in 1829, gave Brunel his first chance of engineering fame.

THE ART OF THE CAMERA

A STRANGE SIGHT ON THE RIVER RHINE: Looking like an over-inflated sausage is a new type of nylon container which is designed for the transportation of liquid loads. Tests on this unusual form of container were being carried out on the river near Cologne. It is designed to be towed behind cargo vessels and is a little over 84 ft. long. In the background can be seen one of the modern bridges which have been constructed in the badly devastated City of Cologne.

THE NEEDS OF A MODERN CITY: A pattern of concrete channels and large cogwheels is made by part of the Northern Outfall Works of the London County Council, one of the largest and most modern of sewerage treatment works in the world. Completed in 1939, this section of the works is concerned with the aeration of sludge. On October 22, Prince Philip visited the Outfall Works at Beckton and opened the new power station. This marked the completion of extensions which cost about £9,000,000 and which serve an area of about 112 square miles.

A FAMOUS WEST LONDON LANDMARK: The spire of the Albert Memorial seems to be fixed to the great dome of the Albert Hall. This unusual view was taken with a novel type of low-level aerial camera. The apparatus consisted of a captive balloon carrying a camera whose shutter was electrically controlled from the ground. The Albert Hall, opened in 1871, is in the form of an ellipse; it is 200 ft. long, 160 ft. wide and 140 ft. high. Conceived by the Prince Consort, it has accommodation for 12,000 people. The Albert Memorial is on the opposite side of Kensington Road. Standing 180 ft. high, it was completed in 1872 and unveiled by Queen Victoria in 1876.

THE SHAPE OF A CHURCH: In contrast to the stately houses of Zurich is the slanting pyramidal form of a church built on the inside of a hairpin corner on the outskirts of the Swiss city. Situated on the corner of Kurvenstrasser and Beckenhofstrasser, the Lutheran Church was designed by two Zurich architects, Franz Steinbrücher and E. U. Kragel, and erected in 1957-58. The building has a roughly triangular shape with the altar situated under the apex of the tilted triangular roof and with the main doors at the other end. The cause of much controversy, the church demonstrates the great variety of shape and structure made possible by modern building materials.

FLYING THROUGH THE AIR: An American one-man helicopter is possibly the answer to city traffic jams. Designed by the Bensen Aircraft Corporation, the craft is sold in kit form. It is powered by a 60-h.p. Mercury outboard engine and can fly at up to 80 m.p.h., with a maximum range of 100 miles. The one-man helicopter is specifically designed for private use.

OFF THE COAST OF CALABRIA: Fishermen from Bagnara pilot their swordfish boat out to sea. One man is perched on top of the mast on the lookout for the swordfish swimming close to the surface, and another on the end of the long bowsprit prepares his harpoons. *On right*—From the end of the double bowsprit of the motor vessel the Italian fisherman hurls his harpoon at a swordfish.

One of the most specialised of occupations, swordfishing, has been traditional for many centuries among the villagers of Bagnara, on the Calabrian coast in Southern Italy. The famous harpoonist, upon whose skill many livelihoods depend, is still held in high esteem, but the coming of the motor-boat has meant the gradual disappearance of the rowing-boat. Recently there has been speculation that a group of wealthy Italians might start a swordfishing club on the lines of fashionable American shark hunts. This has made the Calabrian fishermen even more aware of the uncertainties of their livelihoods. Should a massive slaughter ensue, the swordfish would be driven away from their normal spawning grounds.

Thus they propose that should a sportsman join the hunt, he would be given every chance of trying his skill with the harpoon, but if he missed, he would have to pay extra for depriving the fishermen of their catch. Anyway, the fish caught would go to the fishermen. It seems that most profits of the scheme will be made by those engaged in the tourist trade.

Even with the advent of the motor-boat, the swordfish are still hunted in the same way as they have been since ancient times. In spring, in particular, the fish move close in to the shore in search of calm water in which to lay their spawn. Since they can swim very fast and are very strong, they can hardly ever be captured on the high seas. If the weather is fine, they can be seen from special watch-towers, or vedettas, built along the cliffs of the rocky coast. The fishing boats have a lookout on the mast, to whom the vedetta lookouts signal when a fish is sighted. The boat is then steered quickly towards the prey. It is a highly-skilled job to hurl the long harpoon accurately to hit the fish's body, and the harpoonist often falls into the sea from his post on the end of the long double bowsprit.

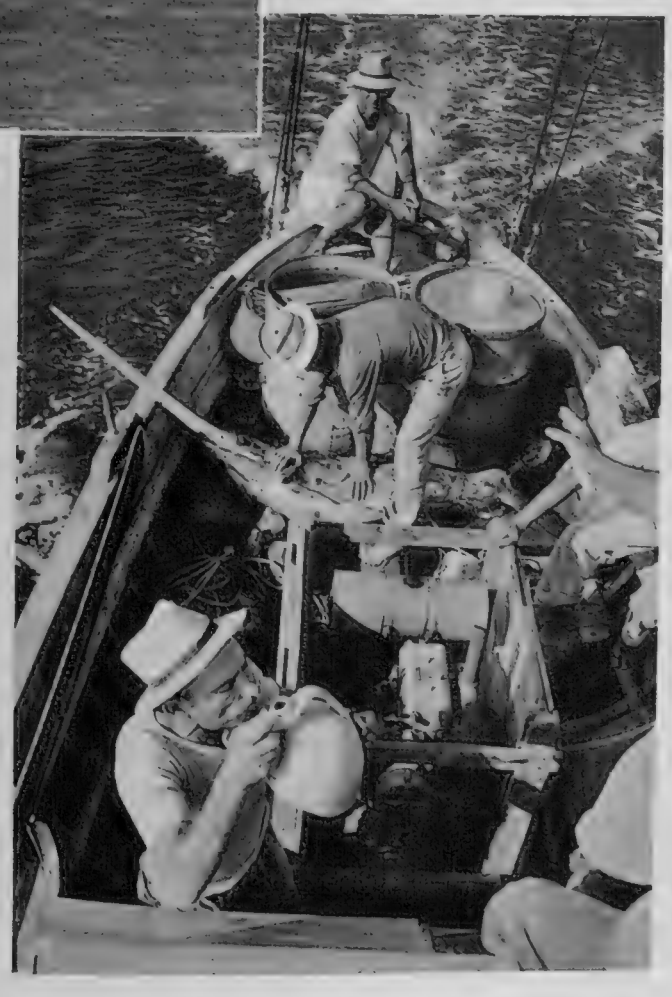
Each harpoon is equipped with special prongs which spring open when they enter the fish, so that they cannot be pulled free. But the swordfish may swim for some hundreds of yards, leaving a trail of blood behind, until it is weak enough to be pulled on board. Although they usually measure only 4 or 5 ft. in length, swordfish can attain as much as 12 or 15 ft. They belong to the teleost species and the sword, which is formed of a compressed elongation of the upper jaw, may be 3 ft. long. It is strong enough to stab whales fatally and has been known to pierce the planks of a boat's hull. It is a very bellicose fish, known as the "highwayman of the seas."

The weight of the fish varies between 120 and 400 lb., and the price for swordfish, which are considered a delicacy, is about 3s. 6d. a lb. But the fishermen, since they have to share out the catch not only among the boat crews, but among their dependents on shore, do not make very much money. Theirs is a precarious livelihood.

HUNTING FOR SWORDFISH

The Traditional Occupation of the Village of Bagnara, on the Calabrian Coast

A HIGHLY-SKILLED TASK: The harpoonist points his weapon vertically towards a swordfish swimming near the surface. The barbs of the harpoon open outwards after the weapon has entered the fish so that the prongs cannot be pulled loose. Swordfish vary in weight, between 120 and 400 lb. and the fishermen may get about 3s. 6d. per pound. After the catch has been divided there is little for each man to sell.



On right—
A SUCCESSFUL CATCH: As one of the men examines a just-caught swordfish, another takes a well-earned drink from a wine bottle. Many of the boats now used in the ancient Italian industry of swordfishing are powered by motors; until recently there were only rowing-boats.

IN THE VILLAGE OF BAGNARA: A fisherman's daughter carries her father's catch for all to see, on a board resting on her head, as she walks across the beach of the Calabrian village.

FIRST DAY AT WESTMINSTER

Parliament Reassembles to Elect the New Speaker

As the House of Commons reassembled for the new Members to take their seats and for the Speaker to be elected, controversy rumbled in the wings. On stage, Sir Harry Hylton-Foster gave every indication that he would prove a popular and distinguished Speaker, but there were complaints from the Labour Back-Benches that the gesture of electing a Labour Speaker could have been pursued more wholeheartedly.

Behind the scenes, arguments were rife among the members of the Labour Party on the question of how the Party could rise effectively from its third defeat. Most of the discussion was couched in the new jargon of politics; it was directed towards establishing a "party image" which would appeal to younger people. Right-wing Socialists pinned their hopes on the jettisoning of the policy of Nationalisation.

An analysis of the composition of the new House showed that the preponderance of Conservative M.P.s went to public school and university and that 56 were barristers and 70 directors. The preponderance of Labour M.P.s went to grammar schools, secondary or elementary schools, with 25 teachers, 22 journalists, and 40 Trade Unionists.

THE CONSERVATIVE CHIEF WHIP: Mr. Martin Redmayne, M.P. for Rushcliffe, is seated in his office at No. 12, Downing Street. Deputy Chief Whip before the Dissolution, he succeeded Mr. Edward Heath, who is now the Minister of Labour.

A FAMOUS SMILE: Mr. Herbert Morrison arrives at the Houses of Parliament. He was given a Life Peerage in the Dissolution Honours.

BACK IN THE HOUSE: Mr. Woodrow Wyatt returns as a Labour M.P. for Bosworth. He was M.P. for Aston until 1955.

On left—

A NEW WOMAN M.P.: The Conservative Member for Finchley, Mrs. M. M. Thatcher, arrives to take her seat. She is a barrister and one of three new women M.P.s in the Commons.

THE LEADER OF THE LIBERAL PARTY: Mr. Grimond still has only the support of five other Liberal M.P.s, but he came out of the Election with an enhanced reputation.

AT THE ST. STEPHEN'S ENTRANCE: Mr. Geoffrey Johnson Smith (left) and Mr. Christopher Chataway arrive. Both are Conservative M.P.s taking their seats for the first time, and both are well known for their appearances on television. Mr. Johnson Smith represents Holborn and St. Pancras South and Mr. Chataway Lewisham North.

AFTER THE ELECTION—THE EFFECT ON INDUSTRY

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

IN a week's frenzy of elation, from October 9 onwards, the Stock Exchange left no doubt whatever about what *it* thought of the election result; British industrial management, more phlegmatic by nature and having a large number of Labour voters to deal with on its workshop floor, has been a good deal less ebullient. Talking to managers in the steel industry after the election, for example, I heard more than once the words "No gloating. We have to live with our people." One or two were even more sober for different reasons. Recalling Sir William Harcourt's phrase, "We are all Socialists now," back at the turn of the century, they were inclined to dismiss the electoral choice—since it had gone aright—as one between "a little more socialism or a little less." He did not deny that the little less was going to make a fairly huge difference to him, however.

Not only for steel but for British industry as a whole, the election of 1959 has probably wiped out nationalisation even as a latent threat to private owners' and managers' control of their business; for the first time in years, industry can really enjoy the prosperity it has achieved, "politics apart." And that prosperity, at the time of the election, was already considerable. Industry in Britain, since the spring, seems to be riding upward steadily on a curve of growing output that so far has not yet brought about any really serious shortage of labour and has been remarkably free from rises in prices. There is no doubt that industry was optimistic about the business prospect, even before it knew what the election result was: the latest survey of business attitudes conducted by the Federation of British Industries at the end of September already showed a remarkable preponderance of opinion that things looked better than at the beginning of the summer.

Domestically, the result of the election can perhaps do little to enhance prospects that are already so favourable—though a Labour victory, with the possible loss of foreign confidence in the pound sterling, might certainly have done a good deal to damage them. (Labour was no less keen on expansion, admittedly, than the Tories; but the foreign bankers and businessmen might have forced it into a position needing a demonstration of exaggerated orthodoxy and restraint at home rather comparable with that of the Thorneycroft regime at the Treasury at the end of 1957.) It may be that some businessmen have been holding back schemes to extend factories or build new ones until they knew which way the electorate would jump, and will now commit themselves to heavier capital expenditure. But many managements greatly increased their capacity to produce over the last three or four years without ever getting the chance to use their new plant full out; for a year or two, they may think, it will be good enough to earn the profits before thinking about ploughing them back.

Economically, as well as politically, British industry has hardly looked as healthy since the war as it does now. Its equipment has been substantially modernised, and now that the new machines have the chance to tell, the remarkable increase in production since the turn of the year has been achieved with a much less than proportionate growth in the number of people employed, so that output per man has risen quite sharply. In comparison with its state at the peak of the boom of 1955, industry is better equipped, has a more competent labour force, without the "marginal" old men and housewives whom labour shortage had drawn into the factories; and is, incidentally, using generally cheaper materials.

Internationally, its rising exports show that it is at present highly competitive, though many industrialists are uneasy over the "second-best" Outer Seven area of free trade which is all that now remains of our hopes of free trade with Europe. Closer commitments *vis-à-vis* the Common Market would certainly have borne heavy upon certain rather exposed industries using foreign materials, such as the paper industry. But to be outside it, while German, French and Italian industrialists are busy arranging mergers or joint marketing arrangements, is not an enviable position for British companies anxious about their trading connections with the Continent, which still seems to be the world's fastest-growing market for industrial products. Though the Government so far professes to be satisfied with the "alternative arrangements" that it has made with Scandinavia, many people in industry are not. When one compares their attitudes with general business attitudes towards hopes of European Union a few years ago, the Government may well reflect that it sold the Free Trade Area to British industry almost too effectively—particularly as in the upshot it could produce no such Area to deliver.

Though industry's relations with the Conservatives must be better than they could be with any alternative Government, there are one or two items in its manifesto that some industrialists view with reservations. Mr. Macmillan has promised that the first Bill to be presented to the new Parliament shall be one to amalgamate and strengthen all existing legislation about the distribution of industry, giving the Government stronger powers to arrange to help areas suffering from serious unemployment or places likely to be hit by it.

Businessmen are no less concerned about social distress than anybody else, certainly than politicians; but they are aware that Government help to hard-hit localities means, primarily, getting them to put industry there. And the fact that the localities are, or are likely to be, hard-hit means, usually, that industry could find better reasons for going somewhere else. Companies are offered inducements of various kinds to go to these places that are short of employment, such as factories at cheap rent, grants to cover most of the difference between building there and elsewhere, or loans to start any apparently deserving enterprise. But as well as the carrot the Government also has the stick; and it has announced that from now on it proposes to use this stick—the power to refuse an "industrial development certificate," without which no sizeable factory or extension can be put up, for projects outside these areas—more positively.

When industry next goes in for an investment boom, therefore, it can expect more powerful pressure than hitherto to go where the Government thinks right rather than where it would like. It would be foolish to exaggerate the difference that one location rather than another may make, in hard costs over the long run, to a large proportion of industries; even so, this is one sphere where the Government is committed to interfere a little more in business decisions.

Many businessmen in industries that have to pay their way unaided, again, looked somewhat askance at the commitments in the Conservative election manifesto to build replacements for the two Cunard Queens and to give assistance to the aircraft industry to develop its markets. This second promise, though vaguely phrased, has in fulfilment brought on to the scene Mr. Duncan Sandys as a new Minister of Aviation. Mr. Sandys, who brings a somewhat cold-blooded approach to any department that he takes on, is perhaps not quite the politician whom the aircraft manufacturers would have chosen as "Lord Air"; nevertheless, his brief seems an encouraging one for them, even if his way of carrying it out may be abrupt and ruthless.

A HECTIC TIME FOR THE STOCK EXCHANGE: Stockbrokers and dealers crowd the floor on the day after the General Election. When it became known that the Conservatives had been returned, there was a remarkable rush to buy shares. The buying was the heaviest ever recorded. *Left*—Brokers hurry into the Stock Exchange.

Lord Hailsham, as Minister of Science—nobody yet knows with how much or how little real power—will apparently have no direct responsibility towards industry; but perhaps his most important charge will be the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, which has quite a large amount to do with private industry. It runs the co-operative research associations which do central research work on behalf of whole industries, being partly supported by subscriptions from companies and partly by the public purse. Lord Hailsham's attitude towards these associations can have a great deal of influence in their contribution to technological advance, from which industry, eventually, benefits.

There are big research policy problems for the British economy as a whole, connected, for example, with the rundown of research for some departments of military defence, and the supply of different kinds of scientis' But businessmen who prefer to rely upon their own research efforts are wondering whether this new Ministry will desire to influence private research as well as public.

British businessmen to-day are well aware that they are involved fairly intricately with government at all levels of this Welfare State, mixed economy, call it what you will. Few of them can be cynical enough not to feel some encouragement from the fact that business has managed to present a favourable image throughout some of the sweeping criticism of recent years; and that the claims of socialism as an alternative way of running modern industry have been decisively rejected by British electors. This election has not significantly lightened or simplified the weight of the problems that are really relevant to the management of British industry in the second half of the twentieth century. But it has cleared away some of the cobwebbed irrelevancies.

"DUMPTRUKS" FOR COSTAIN'S

Colonel P. McA. Sinclair, Director of Richard Costain Ltd., is climbing aboard the first of six 18-cub.-yard "Dumptruks" handed over by Sir William Black, chairman of A.E.C. Ltd. The contract is worth £100,000. The "Dumptruk," one of the largest mechanically-propelled units manufactured in this country, is designed to speed up large-scale civil engineering programmes both at home and abroad, where rapid transportation of huge quantities of earth and other materials is most important. It is powered by a 6-cylinder A.E.C. diesel engine and is sprung at both the front and the rear. The tipper can deposit 25 tons of earth in ten seconds.

On right—

During a recent visit to Britain as guest of the Board of Trade, General Vali Ansari, the Persian Minister of Roads and Communications and Director-General of the Persian State Railways, saw, during his tour of British industry, two of the locomotive works of The English Electric Co. Ltd. At the Preston works he examines a "thin-wall" big-end bearing and a diesel engine connecting-rod. From left are Mr. Lettimer, Board of Trade; Mr. W. Shorrock, General Manager of the works; Mr. J. Sharpley, Manager of Diesel Engines and Traction; General Ansari; Mr. D. Pike, Export Area Manager, Middle East; and Mr. S. Potter, Deputy Manager, Sales and Contracts, Traction Division.

A PERSIAN MINISTER VISITS BRITISH INDUSTRY

STEERING THE SHIP

The Lord Privy Seal, Lord Hailsham, the new Minister with responsibility for Science, tries to control a model in the manœuvring basin of the new Ship Hydrodynamics Laboratory, at Feltham, in Middlesex. The Duke of Edinburgh is highly amused. Prince Philip officially opened the laboratory of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research last week. It contains modern facilities for hydrodynamic research and development, including a 1,300-ft.-long towing tank and a sea-keeping and manœuvring basin measuring 100 sq. ft. They are designed to reproduce in the laboratory more nearly realistic sea conditions than has been possible in the past.

ON THE SMITHS ACCESSORIES STAND AT EARLS COURT

On the first day of the Motor Show at Earls Court, at the stand of Smiths Motor Accessory Division are, from left, Mr. F. Kirby, the Service Manager of the Accessory Division; the Hon. Gerald Lascelles; Mr. Ralph Gordon-Smith, Chairman and Managing Director of S. Smith and Sons (England) Ltd.; and Mr. F. J. Hurn, Divisional Managing Director of the Accessory Division. On the stand at the exhibition, which closes to-day (October 31), is a variety of dashboard equipment, including the new electric revolution indicator, which is fitted to the full range of Jaguar cars. Also being displayed is the Bi-metal Resistance Fuel Contents and Temperature Equipment.

A SWEDISH CONTRACT FOR RADAR EQUIPMENT

A delegation of senior officials of the Royal Swedish Air Board recently visited the Marconi works at Chelmsford and the Research and Development laboratories at Great Baddow, in connection with the contract placed by Sweden with Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Co. Ltd. for electronic equipment. From left to right are Colonel Hamilton and General Rapp of the Royal Swedish Air Board; Dr. E. Eastwood, Chief of research at Marconi's; Mr. Keall, a member of Marconi's staff; and Colonel H. Lindgren, of the Swedish Air Board. Contracts, worth approximately £1,500,000, have been placed by Sweden for electronic equipment for a new air defence system.

THE USE OF CONCRETE: The water tower and covered market at Caen-La Guerinière is the work of a French engineer and architect, René Sarger. The tower is 100 ft. high and its tank has fluted walls formed, like the roof and floor, by sixteen curved concrete shells. The market is elliptical in shape, covering an area of 16,000 sq. ft.

"SHAPES IN SHELL"

René Sarger, who recently lectured in London on his work, is a young French engineer and architect. He completed training in both subjects in Paris—at the Beaux Arts School of Architecture and the Ecole Polytechnique for Engineering. Best known in this country perhaps for his design of the remarkable French pavilion at the Brussels Exhibition, René Sarger is an enthusiast for the new shapes which can be created from concrete, and unusual means of achieving the shapes. He is also interested in town planning and has refused to proceed with his design for a market at Nanterre because he is not satisfied with the siting.

In his lecture in London he described some of his most important work. Included were the church at Royan, the rebuilt town in south-west France, and the town's covered market; the new cathedral in Algiers, an all-concrete structure with hyperbolic paraboloid roofs, to be completed towards the end of this year; his part in the collaboration on multi-storeyed flats on a new housing estate, designing for the purpose new types of prefabricated formwork; and the covered market and water tower at Caen-La Guerinière, a new town of 2,200 houses which lies outside Caen, in Normandy.

On right—

A FURTHER EXAMPLE: The covered market at Royan, in south-west France, is roofed with concrete radiating shells, cantilevered from the periphery inwards. The small seaside town was almost completely destroyed in an air raid towards the end of the war and was replanned. The market is also the work of René Sarger.

PRODUCTION OF TINPLATE: In line are the seven tinpot machines at the new plant of the flat products division of Australian Iron and Steel Ltd. at Port Kembla, in New South Wales. High quality steel sheet is coated with tin; tinplate comprises 98½ per cent. steel and 1½ per cent. tin. The plant should in future produce about 60 per cent. of Australian requirements.

NOW AUSTRALIA'S LARGEST STEEL PRODUCER

The steelworks at Port Kembla, in New South Wales, are undergoing a rapid and vast transfiguration. More than 2,000,000 tons of steel are now being produced a year at Port Kembla out of 3,500,000 tons produced by Australia. The picture above shows rolls of sheet steel at the plant of Lysaght Pty. Ltd., a subsidiary of the Broken Hill Pty. Co. Ltd., which has undertaken the vast expansion programme. A new blast furnace has started operations at the Port Kembla works, the fourth to be installed; it is the largest in Australia. It was rated at a daily capacity of 1,700 tons of pig iron, but has consistently exceeded this figure and reached a rate of 2,120 tons per day. The new furnace and its ancillaries were erected on the new 1,200-ft.-long concrete wharf, being built by B.H.P. as part of the inner harbour development at the port. When the harbour is completed in 1960, the furnace will be supplied direct from a 750,000-ton stock-pile being constructed. A second furnace of the same size is scheduled for completion at the beginning of 1961.

RE-STYLED AND RE-ENGINED: On the Rootes Group stand at Earls Court is the Humber Super Snipe. It has a new 3-litre engine which gives a top speed of 100 m.p.h. Disc brakes are fitted to the front wheels. Costing £1,453 with tax, the saloon is available with power-assisted steering, automatic transmission and overdrive as optional extras.

IN THE BOOT: A visitor examines the 6-cylinder engine of the Chevrolet Corvair. The unorthodox, rear-engined, 2·3-litre saloon is one of America's new "compact" cars.

UNDER THE BONNET: The engine of the Volga, one of the Russian cars, is examined. Costing about £1,200 with tax, the Volga does 31 m.p.g. and has a top speed of above 80 m.p.h.

AN ATTRACTIVE NEW SPORTS MODEL: It is the Daimler SP250, making its first public appearance in the United Kingdom. It has a 2½-litre V-8 engine giving a top speed of over 120 m.p.h. First production will be for export, primarily to Canada and the U.S., with the first home market models appearing early in 1960. Cost will be £1,395 with tax.

A NOVEL BABY SALOON: The D.A.F. is manufactured in Holland. The four-seater car has a 600-c.c. engine with a new system of automatic transmission. Its price is to be announced later.

WITH A GLASS-FIBRE BODY: The Citroen Bijou, a new French small car, attracts attention at the Show. Costing £674, with tax, in the United Kingdom, it has a 425-c.c. air-cooled engine driving the front wheels. Fuel consumption of 60 m.p.g. is claimed by the makers.

ESTATE CAR VERSION: The Austin A.40 Countryman is a new version of the A.40 saloon, a Farina-styled car which made its debut last year. The saloon has been converted into an estate car by hinging the rear window to open outwards and by altering the floor

INSIDE EARLS COURT: A general view shows the variety of the stands at the forty-fourth International Motor Show. The exhibition, the largest ever staged, opened on October 21 and closes to-day, October 31. There are exhibits from many foreign countries, including Russia, which is represented for the first time. On the first day millions of pounds' worth of orders were placed with all the leading manufacturers. There were many from the U.S. boosting dollar exports; exports of cars to America this year were up 11 per cent. before the show.

MOTOR SHOW

British and Foreign Cars at the 44th International Exhibition at Earls Court

Even before Mr. Macmillan officially opened the 1959 Motor Show, dealers were placing large orders with the car manufacturers. The British Motor Corporation was off to a good start when it was announced that an order had been placed for 40,000 of its cars to go to the United States in the next five months. Fifty per cent. greater than on order for the same period last year, it is worth some £21,000,000. The Ford Motor Company announced that since September 23, when it began to announce its small car programme, domestic orders had amounted to over £30,000,000; car-hire firms alone accounted for 12,500 of the cars. On the first day of the show one car-hire firm ordered 1,790 cars valued at £1,250,000. Included were 750 Fords, 500 Vauxhalls, 50 Triumph Heralds, and 390 B.M.C. cars. Vauxhall Motors stated that they had received orders for nearly 2,000 cars from a car-hire firm. Worth more than £1,000,000, the orders included some Dormobile caravans. The Rootes Group hope to sell 50 per cent. more cars in the United States in 1960. The value of this including spare parts would be about £50,000,000. Mr. Macmillan would appear correct in stating that the car industry could face the future with confidence.

FROM A FRENCH STAND: The latest in the Renault range is the Floride, which is available with either a three-speed or four-speed gear-box. As well as the convertible, there is a coupé version. The engine, at the rear, has a capacity of 845 c.c. and gives a speed of 83 m.p.h.

FOR SPEED ENTHUSIASTS: The two-door, four-seater A.C. Greyhound is a development of the Ace and the Aceca two-seaters. It is fitted with either the Bristol 2-litre engine or the 2·2-litre engine with overdrive. The body has steel tube framing with aluminium panelling.

The World of Books

A BIOGRAPHY OF MARIA EDGEWORTH

The Victorian Authoress of "Castle Rackrent"; An Anthology of Twenty-five Years of "Esquire"; Novels by New and Well-known Authors

AT the beginning of the nineteenth century one of the most popular of writers was Maria Edgeworth. Miss Inglis-Jones has written her biography under the title THE GREAT MARIA (Faber. 25s.). To-day this Victorian writer is known only as a half-familiar name or, perhaps, as the authoress of *Castle Rackrent* or that enterprising volume, years ahead of its time and dedicated to a consideration of *Practical Education*. Maria, even when grown to fame and majority, was a tiny little creature of about 4 ft. 7 ins. She also had faulty sight and was without any obvious beauty. Perhaps as a consequence she was naturally shy and it was only with great effort that she finally accepted, when her name became known throughout England, the social duties and pleasures which her rather overpowering father thought right for her.

Father Edgeworth was quite a character himself and, as such, features constantly in this study. He was married four times, always in the same year in which the previous wife had died which they seem to have done after an average reign of seven years. Maria, born soon after his first marriage, was immensely popular with her many brothers and sisters and, we are told, was like a mother to the younger ones, though one might be forgiven for thinking that it was not mothers who were lacking in the Edgeworth family. Maria was well educated, a quick and sensitive student, and she grew up to be her father's closest friend and the object of his constant championship. Her impact on the salons and great houses was sensational, since she was one of the famous writers of her day. Miss Inglis-Jones has given us a delightful book, not a page or even a word too long and full of the delights of good talk and warm friendships, for these were two aspects of life in which the great little Maria triumphed.

I don't know whether the editors of THE ARMCHAIR ESQUIRE (Heinemann. 18s.) require their readers to study the volume in just that place or whether they are able to take it to their bedside tables, but however that may be, Mr. Arnold Gingrich and Mr. I. Rust Hills have provided some wonderful reading, garnered from twenty-five years of issues of *Esquire*, that American magazine which many people think of only as a source of peculiarly lively drawings and a certain proportion of advertisements for men's clothes. The fact is that, during this quarter century, the standard of the writing contributions to *Esquire* has been increasingly distinguished.

One might not, for instance, want to hunt through the back files of the magazine for Scott Fitzgerald's *The Crack-Up* or that wonderful Hemingway story, *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*, but the fact is that they appeared in these pages and they are just two of the treasures which the editors have chosen for re-printing in this purely literary anthology. One may find here, too, an early Pirandello story, Gorki on *Life in a Prison Cell*, Camus on *The Spirit of Algiers*, Molnar on the subject of *Heavenly and Earthly Love* or Bernard Shaw with a sheaf of private letters written eighty years ago. Language has been no barrier to the choice or the good taste of its compilers and the result is a wonderful richness and variety of literature.

The title of Mr. Malcolm Bradbury's first novel carries a simple and direct message in social behaviour. It is also, and this is rather more important, a sensitive and adult book about a professor at one of our provincial universities, whose subject is English and who regards himself, with much justification, as a liberal humanist. EATING PEOPLE IS WRONG (Secker and Warburg. 18s.) is unexceptionable in its sentiments, as you will gather. It is also a rewarding, provoking and thoroughly fresh piece of work, neither derivative nor donnish in the stiffer connotation of the word.

THE CRAB-APPLE TREE (Heinemann. 15s.) is Mr. Richard Church's new novel: a story of present-day country life in which the country itself, the Kentish Weald, is as much the hero as the old man whose doings have the background of those gentle fields and orchards. Jim has been seven years at sea when he returns to his native village and no longer young. More than this, he is not attuned to the changes that have overtaken and partly transformed the place he has known so well. But he takes his bearings with characteristic deliberation and, also in his own way, sets about adapting himself to the life and—more effectively—the life to his own views. People who live out their lives in rural places are not apt to find anything sentimental and rarely anything appealing about their condition: they have their own form of realism which is none the less valid for being so often unexpressed. So it is with this poet-novelist who senses and who gives the reader so much that is beautiful in the Kentish scene but who writes of strong emotions and dramatic happenings without sentimentality or the weakness of obvious pathos.

And so to three books which have their roots in war. THE HIDING PLACE (Chatto and Windus. 15s.) is a first novel by Mr. Robert Shaw, who has already proved himself commendably as an actor. This first foray into the world of fiction is so good that I think it is quite likely to determine Mr. Shaw's career in the future. In style it suffers neither from the tentative nor the diffuse; the plot is, as far as I know, original and the author shows an admirable mastery of the technique of compression and

WORLD PREMIERE AT COVENT GARDEN: Dancing in the first performance of the new John Cranko ballet, *Antigone*, at the Royal Opera House, London, are Svetlana Beriosova (Antigone) and Donald Macleary (Hæmon). Further pictures of the ballet are on the facing page.

succinct effect. Briefly, the story is about two men, both of them British airmen, who land safely during a raid and are saved from the Gestapo by a friendly German who hides them in his cellar. He hides them so successfully that, as the novel opens, neither of them has any idea that the war is long over and that the year is 1952. From there to the extraordinary *dénouement* the tale is much too good to spoil by giving a synopsis.

FREE FALL (Faber. 15s.) is Mr. William Golding's story of a man to whom imprisonment in a German camp during the war meant something very different and who was to find, even after release, that the essence of freedom was lost to him. The temporary loss was to develop into a permanent one, through which neither the freedom of action nor even of choice was to be his and the faculty of free will almost impossible. Mr. Golding writes w force but with fine control and his complex, subtle sto of a man's self-discovery is painfully moving.

WE ARE THE MAKERS OF DREAMS (Gollan 18s.) is a long novel of France, Spain and France ag during the fifteen years before and during the last wo war. Mr. William Blake has written it with a sustain passion which is a feat in itself considering the ran of the book, and with an authority and a warm sense human values which make it as attractive as it is readab in spite of the sombreness of its subject. The hero, Re is an Alsatian, living in Paris in the days of depress during the early '30's. He is a bookbinder who loves trade, is politically aware—and indeed assured—and w plans to marry a woman whose only drawback in his sig is the wholly unsatisfactory, teenage son, the result of earlier liaison with a Russian. The boy's weakness eve tually leads him to Fascism, and René and his mother bre Throughout the plot it is the argument of weakness a strength, of independent thought against mass hysteria th are the moving principles. This is a powerful piece of wor

TITUS ALONE (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 21s.) i third and final volume in Mr. Mervyn Peake's Gorm ghast series; as unusual as its predecessors and as imagi tive. Indeed, it is by the fertility of their imagination by the impulse or the flow of the story-telling that th books of Mr. Peake's must be assessed. They seem follow no tradition and they fit into no category but magnificently self-sufficient, violent, poetic and strange.

The title story and another, shorter one, *I Was The* represent the kind of writing that most people will expecting from Mr. Nicholas Monsarrat in his collecti of short stories, THE SHIP THAT DIED OF SHAN (Cassell. 15s.), for both these show this vigorous writ in his early and deservedly popular manner. But there admirable variety in the volume and I particularly lik an African story, *The List*, short as it is, and another, incident rather than a story, *The Dinner Party*.

Incontestably the funniest, as it is the most sophisticat novel of the week, is THE TENTS OF WICKEDNE (Gollancz. 16s.), in which Mr. Peter de Vries proves aga that for firecracker wit and sparkle he has hardly equal in his homeland of America. The present boo deals with a young man, happily endowed with wife a children, and well-suited with an easy job on his lo Connecticut newspaper. One of his self-induced troub however, is what he has made of this job which, ostensi is an Answers to Correspondents column. From sympa through hilarity he has developed into a kind of cr and very unaccredited psychiatrist and thinks nothing giving his questioners advice, treatment and wildly i possible suggestions. The fact that he becomes embroil (and how!) with an over-read and under-educated bab sitter is therefore no more surprising than anything e in a novel that follows no accepted rules, is *very* funn occasionally lightly bawdy and quite insistently readab

Pick of the books in the world of crime fiction this w is BEST DETECTIVE STORIES OF CYRIL HA (Faber. 15s.) which is a good form of tribute to the dis guished Judge whose pen name this was. It is a fine varied collection and at least half the thirty stories h the authentic wit and point which made such books *That Yew Tree's Shade* memorable, and Cyril Hare's dea last year so regrettable a loss to his many admirers.

Vernon Fane

TALES OF THE LONE STAR STATE

The Folk-lore and Legends of Texas

How rich in history and in folklore is the State of Texas, the old lone star republic, which was once under Spanish sovereignty, once under Mexican sovereignty, once independent, and since 1845 a part of the United States, with four years under the Confederacy. It needs no stressing that Texas has bred one of the hardiest and most independent-minded peoples in the world, deeply conscious of their heritage and traditions, and with a great love of their own particular section of the country. J. Frank Dobie reflects this strength of feeling in his delightful, wide-ranging book TALES OF OLD TIME TEXAS (Hammond, Hammond. 30s.). Mr. Dobie shows, too, in many of his tales the way in which people from many parts of the world have been absorbed into the Texan community.

It is only proper that at least one of Mr. Dobie's tales should have that extravagant touch which everyone expects of the Texan, and Old Bill, the rattlesnake, who went to war for the Confederacy, slaughtering over 400 Union men at Shiloh, and raising his own corps of rattlesnakes to fight the Yanks, is in just the vein we would expect. Never was there a humbler or more respectful rattlesnake in the domestic circle, or a more bitter enemy in the field, one who could in a flash tell the Union blue from the Confederate grey.

Anyone with the good fortune to live in the region of Notting Hill Gate-Bayswater and to work round Whitehall and the Palace of Westminster will appreciate to the full London's central park system, and there must be many others with similar variations on the same theme as they take their daily stroll for two or three miles through the rural heart of London. There is no other capital in the world so fortunate in this respect. This centrepiece includes Kensington Gardens, Hyde Park, Green Park and St. James's Park, and amounts in all to just under 800 acres. Neville Braybrooke gives this a the picturesque and appropriate title LONDON GRE (Gollancz. 30s.). He describes each of the four pa separately, but bears in mind that they are part of great conception although each possesses its o particular atmosphere and charm.

Mr. Braybrooke looks back to the past, recalling duelling, the prize-fighting, the Reformers' March and many of the great controversies of earlier days, b surprisingly enough, he does not look to the future, a has nothing to say about the present work that is no beginning with the union of Hyde Park and Gre Park by the green 4-acre space being built at Hyde Pa Corner astride the famous processional way where traffic piles up as nowhere else in London. Even this is a book of much charm and considerable ran and we can be deeply grateful to Neville Braybrooke f his patient research and his ability to set down all th he has discovered in a delightful way.

Everything that George N. Patterson has writ about his experiences in Asia commands respect. N one has been more forthright or brought a greater ar of facts to bear on the subject in his condemnation the Chinese invasion of Tibet and all that it has me to a brave people. In TRAGIC DESTINY (Faber Faber. 18s.) Mr. Patterson outlines what he thinks is Chinese plan, and sketches the position on the In

A SYMBOL OF THEIR HATE: In *Antigone*, Polynices (centre left), danced by David Blair, and Creon (right centre), danced by Michael Somes, are pulled apart. In the centre is Antigone. Creon sides with Etiocles in the fratricidal strife.

THE WORLD PREMIERE OF "ANTIGONE"

The Royal Ballet opened their winter season at Covent Garden with a programme which included the first performance of a new ballet by the young choreographer John Cranko. Performed in one continuous act, the tragic work compresses the incidents of the Greek legend of Antigone; the story of the ballet has been freely adapted not from Sophocles but from Racine's version *Les Frères Ennemis*. The ballet describes how Œdipus dies, leaving his crown to his two sons Etiocles and Polynices, who hate each other. They quarrel, and Creon, their uncle, sides with Etiocles. Jocasta, the Queen Mother, pleads with her two sons, but in vain kills herself. Hæmon, Antigone's lover, is sent to join Polynices in the battle. He and both brothers are killed and Creon becomes King. He orders that Polynices should not be buried in honour, but is defied by Antigone. Creon orders her death and is left alone, having lost the respect of his people. Although the ballet with music by the Greek composer, Mikis Theodorakis, and scenery by the Mexican artist Rufino Tamayo, met with a mixed reception, there was unanimous praise for the young ballerina, Svetlana Beriosova, as Antigone.

THE DYING KING OF THEBES: Œdipus, mimed by Leslie Edwards, is carried on to the stage. As he dies, he leaves his crown to be shared by Etiocles and Polynices, his sons.

THE DEATH OF JOCASTA: The Queen Mother (Julia Farron) is watched by her two sons, Etiocles (Gary Burne), on the left, and Polynices (David Blair). Behind Jocasta is Creon. She pleads with them not to pursue their strife, but her pleas have no effect. In an attempt to humiliate the brothers into reconciliation, she kills herself on both their swords.

Tibet frontier as it is to-day. He tells us that an average of 100 Tibetans are dying every day, not including the old men and women who are throwing themselves into the rivers to avoid death by starvation or capture. *Tragic Destiny* is a call to understand what is happening to one of the oldest civilisations in the world.

The literary outpourings of great commercial houses grow brighter and brighter, and ever more literate. No exception is THE KINDRED SPIRIT (Newman Neame. 21s.), by Lord Kinross, who has undertaken to write a history of gin and of the House of Booth. This is superbly well-done with a wealth of humour, much factual information in palatable form, and some excellent illustrations, many of them from old prints and cartoons. If one needs convincing of the beneficent qualities of the juniper, then Lord Kinross is the man to do it.

Here are two reference-books widely differing in character and both of outstanding importance, COLLINS MUSIC ENCYCLOPÆDIA (Collins. 42s.) and THE CONCISE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF WORLD RAILWAY LOCOMOTIVES (Hutchinson. 50s.)., The former is the work of J. A. W. Westrup and F. Ll. Harrison, both of Oxford University, and runs to nearly 750 pages of detailed information, ably set out. Sir Adrian Boult has written the foreword. P. Ransome Wallis and a distinguished group of experts survey the field of railway locomotion, and they do so in a most readable way.

Fishing enthusiasts will be delighted with Charles Ritz' A FLY FISHER'S LIFE (Max Reinhardt. 45s.). Here is the essence of the author's experience in the best fly waters of Europe, the United States and Canada. M. Ritz may be a distinguished hotelier, but this is the record of a man devoted to his sport and deeply knowledgeable about it.

R. C. E.

THE LAST DEFIANCE OF ANTIGONE: Danced by Svetlana Beriosova, she crouches in front of Creon (Michael Somes). After she has defied his orders that Polynices's body should be left to rot and has buried him, Creon has her put to death. The ballet is a free adaptation of Sophocles tragic Theban cycle, based on Racine's version of the legend, *Les Frères Ennemis*.

SURPRISES AT EARLS COURT

Additions to the British Range of Quality and Luxury Cars; Variants of Well-Known Models; A Car to Excite the Speed Merchants; Foreign Attractions at the Motor Show

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

THERE were, after all, one or two last-minute surprises at the London Motor Show which ends its brilliant ten-day run at Earls Court to-day (Saturday). By far the most important was an interesting and impressive addition to the growing list of British quality cars: the 4½-litre V-8 Daimler Majestic Major. It is based on the 3·8-litre, 6-cylinder Majestic, and after trying out this car I can say it is an outstanding example of luxury motoring.

It has a top speed of more than 120 m.p.h. but even more impressive is the vivid acceleration the new V-8 engine gives throughout the speed range. The makers do not exaggerate when they claim: "The acceleration, for a 36-cwt. car, is in the sports-car class and the surge of power from 70 m.p.h. upwards is so immense that the hazard of overtaking at any speed is reduced enormously." The big car handles well, even without powered steering, and the Dunlop disc brakes on all four wheels give the kind of stopping power needed for the performance of this handsome saloon. The pedal pressure needed to stop the car from high speeds is remarkably light.

The Majestic Major will cost £2,995, including tax. That is exactly £500 more than the lower-powered Majestic, which continues in production. It is excellent value for money and I predict that Daimlers will have no difficulty in selling all they are able to build. Apart from the engine, a bigger, restyled luggage-boot and a redesigned facia, the new model differs very little from the Majestic we all know. "We think the old Majestic has a very graceful line and we saw no need to give the Major a new body," said Mr. Edward Turner, managing director of the Automotive Group of B.S.A., at the party at which the new Daimler was announced. "With this car we are aiming mainly at the middle-aged motoring enthusiast with a bit of cash who nevertheless demands good value for his money."

The new V-8 engine has not been adapted from the 2½-litre unit in the Daimler SP250 sports two-seater, but was inspired by it. The thing that has surprised the Daimler people is that the Major, with this powerful new motor (220 brake horse-power at 5,500 r.p.m., 8 to 1 compression ratio), is as lively as the sports car. The car can whisk you from standstill to 100 m.p.h. in less than 30 seconds, yet it is not extravagant on petrol. Mr. Turner tells me that even if you drive it hard you should get 17 miles to the gallon, and that driven with reasonable restraint, it offers between 18 and 21.

This satisfactory combination of urge and fuel thrift comes from a motor with its two banks of cylinders set at an angle of 90 degrees, overhead valves operated by push-rods and a bore (95¼ mm.) considerably larger than the stroke (80 mm.). It is 28 lb. lighter, 7 ins. shorter and 8½ ins. less in height than the 3·8-litre 6-cylinder, in-line unit of the smaller Majestic. The car itself is 9 ins. longer than the Majestic "Minor" (overall length being 16 ft. 10 ins.), though the wheelbase is the same. Deliveries are scheduled to start in April.

The car division of Bristol Siddeley Engines Ltd. also made a Show-time contribution to luxury motoring with a new and greatly-improved Armstrong Siddeley limousine. It is built round a long-wheelbase version of the Star Sapphire saloon and although the overall length is no greater, both track and wheelbase have been increased in comparison with the old limousine.

There is more width and knee-room in the back, with a measurement of 49 ins. between the arm-rests (an increase of 2 ins.), and leg-room has been extended by 2 ins. This helps to make it possible for the new limousine to carry—in real comfort—seven passengers in addition to the driver. There is room for three on the back seat, three others are accommodated on the occasional, folding seats (which form a bench seat) and one passenger can sit with the driver.

The car is 2 ins. lower. A single carburettor is used and a synchromesh gear-box is normally fitted, though Borg-Warner automatic transmission is available for £165 extra. The 3,990-c.c., 6-cylinder engine produces 140 b.h.p. Powered steering and front-wheel disc brakes are standard fittings. Optional extras include positive air conditioning with refrigeration and humidity control (£514), and an electrically-operated partition (£103). Among the car's luxury features are separate heaters front and back, rear-window de-misting, a nylon floor rug over a deep-pile carpet in the rear compartment, a concealed step for back-seat passengers and walnut woodwork. This new limousine costs, with tax, £3,150—£443 more than the model it replaces. The Star Sapphire saloon continues unchanged, at the same price (£2,499).

Now let me deal with two attractive variants, seen at the Show for the first time, of models we know well: the Austin A.40 Traveller, an estate-car version of the familiar A.40 saloon; and a de luxe model of the Triumph Herald coupé. The British Motor Corporation has evolved the A.40 Traveller quite simply by making the distinctive rear window hinge upwards and flattening the floor. At £660, including tax, the A.40 Traveller costs £21 more than the saloon model.

A NEW DAIMLER SALOON: With a body similar to that of the 3·8-litre Majestic, the 4½-litre Majestic Major has a new V-8 engine. The car accelerates from zero to 100 m.p.h. in under 30 seconds and has a top speed of over 120 m.p.h. With tax, it costs £2,995.

The de luxe Herald coupé made its appearance on the stand of Mulliners, who are responsible for body manufacture in the Standard-Triumph Group. This de luxe car has been produced by the simple expedient of fitting the standard model with a selection of the Group's "Stanpart" accessories. It has a veneer facia (fitted over the standard dashboard), wooden door cappings to match, padded sun visors, wrap-around rubber bumpers front and back, chromium wheel rimbellishers, wing mirrors, and a chrome tail pipe. All these things can be bought separately from Standard-Triumph distributors and dealers. Those fitted to the coupé on Mulliners' Show stand cost a total of about £27.

Did you know, by the way, that the Herald saloon is now available with twin carburettors and the rear axle ratio which up to now has been used exclusively on the coupé? I imagine that many motorists who enjoy crisp, brisk motoring will be glad to pay the £35 8s. asked for these refinements. Incidentally, I am told the Triumph Herald made a very big impression when introduced in Australia recently. Australian Motor Industries, Standard-Triumph's associate company in Melbourne, claim to have taken 3,000 orders in the first five days.

A Motor Show newcomer which excited the speed merchants is the A.C. Greyhound, a two-door, four-seat sports saloon capable of 110 miles an hour. It marks the old-established Surrey firm's return to the realm of four-seat motoring after a long period of concentration on two-seater models like the Ace and Aceca, from which the new saloon is largely derived. In reviving the apt name of Greyhound the firm evokes memories of pre-war motoring. The Greyhound becomes the most expensive model in the A.C. range (£2,891, with tax). Both the 2-litre and 2·2-litre Bristol engines are available.

It has a light, strong tubular chassis and independent suspension by coil springs all round. I am assured the Greyhound has the kind of road-holding qualities one would expect from a kinsman of the Ace and Aceca. The wheelbase is 10 ins. longer than that of the two-seaters. The shape of the aluminium body closely follows that of the Aceca hard-top. There are Girling disc brakes at the front, rack-and-pinion steering, a telescopic steering column; overdrive can be fitted at extra cost.

Among the foreign cars at the Show two which attracted a lot of admiring attention were the 2·4-litre Ford Falcon, one of America's "compact" cars; and the 741-c.c., front-wheel drive D.K.W. Junior with a 3-cylinder two-stroke engine. I have had the pleasure of driving both these cars and you may like to have my impressions.

The Falcon, unlike its chief "compact" rival, the rear-engined Corvair of General Motors, is perfectly conventional. It is also typically American except in two important respects: it has quiet, graceful styling and whereas most American sedans have power to spare, the Falcon could do with a bit more. If I am right, this second point can easily be remedied, as I expect it will. For the American market I don't think Fords should offer a six-seater less lively than their own Dagenham-built Zephyr, which has a slightly bigger engine (2,553 c.c.) and which responds to the throttle much more nimbly than the Falcon I drove. The Falcon's steering is typically American in its low gearing: too much so, in my opinion. It seems to me that in this respect its designers have been slaves to tradition. Apart from these reservations I like the Falcon and think it may do much in the U.S. to wean American motorists away from the massive, glittering, petrol-gobbling monsters to which they have been accustomed. The Falcon's engine is really quiet, the brakes are good, the steering-column gear lever controls the three-speed box easily and precisely, and the springing seemed a happy compromise between the suspension softness of the average U.S. car and the harder, tighter springing that is traditionally British. The price at which the Falcon will sell in Britain—mainly of academic interest—is about £1,850 with manual gear-box (as on the one I drove) and £2,000 with automatic transmission. In the U.S. the same car will sell for about £850.

Germany's D.K.W. Junior is as different from the Falcon as a watch from an alarm clock. Its 3-cylinder, in-line, two-stroke, water-cooled engine is a power unit of great novelty to British and American eyes, but it seems to work very well, although it lacks the smooth, quiet tick-over which most British motorists demand. It is a free-revving engine which, while it is a bit noisy when accelerating through the gears, settles down to a quiet, pleasing note at high cruising speeds. It is then that it seems to have the silkiness of a 6-cylinder four-stroke engine.

I liked the Junior's four-speed gear-box with synchromesh on all ratios, the precision of its steering, its cornering abilities and its roomy boot. But I thought there should be more room for back-seat passengers in a saloon claimed to be a four-five-seater; I don't like the fussiness of petroil lubrication; and I disliked the fact that the pedals are offset from the driver's seat because of the wheel arch demanded by the front-wheel drive. This fascinating, good-looking little car from Auto-Union (now controlled by Daimler-Benz) is expected to sell in Britain for about £750.

A 3-cylinder two-stroke engine of vastly different character which has lately come into the news is the opposed-piston diesel motor made by the Rootes Group. This unit, which is giving fine service all over the world in Commer forward-control vehicles, is now being made available as a multi-fuel engine.

It is intended mainly for military use, and not only for vehicles built by the Rootes Group. Civilian operators in territories where fuel supplies are erratic will watch its progress with special interest. The fuels on which the adapted 3-cylinder diesel will operate include diesel oil, regular and military petrol, kerosene-base fuels and jet fuels. Few modifications are needed to make this possible. They chiefly concern the injection equipment.

A GRAND TOURING MODEL: It is the Bristol Zagato, announced just before the Motor Show. With a tuned version of the Bristol 406 engine, incorporating a higher compression ratio and a high lift camshaft, the Zagato is lighter and faster than the Bristol 406.

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PAINTING BY MACHINE: Miss Wendy Lauder, of Regent's Park, London, uses the meta-matic to paint a picture. Beside her is M. Jean Tinguely, the Paris artist who invented the method. A meta-matic (the word was coined by M. Tinguely) is a robot which is powered by a motor and can apply paint to a canvas. Choice of colour is with the user, who can partly control the meta-matic. The device was exhibited at the Kaplan Gallery, London.

A NEW ANNIGONI PORTRAIT: The famous Italian portrait painter stands beside an almost completed picture of Miss Patricia Rawlings. The painting is to be exhibited in the United States. Pietro Annigoni became famous in this country with the portrait of the Queen which was shown in the Royal Academy in 1955. Two years later he portrayed the Duke of Edinburgh. His portrait of Princess Margaret last year aroused a great deal of controversy.

PAINTERS AND THEIR PAINTINGS

Exhibitions in London; New Works by Annigoni; a Painter Adopts the Catholic Faith

On right—

A JAPANESE ARTIST: Tsugouharu Foujita works on "The Descent from the Cross," which he will present to the Church. The Japanese painter, who has lived in France for forty years, was recently received into the Catholic faith at the Cathedral of Rheims. The baptism was performed by Monseigneur Bejoht, auxiliary to the Archbishop of Rheims. Foujita, who is seventy-three years old, took the name of Léonard (because of his respect for Leonardo da Vinci) François René.

"ASPECTS OF CONTEMPORARY LIFE": Pietro Annigoni works on a painting which will be shown in Italy, England and America. The artist expects to complete it in 1961.

THE ARMY ART SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION: Sir Ralph Richardson (right), with the Vice-Chairman of the Army Art Society, Major-General J. D'A. Anderson, looks at a painting of "The Grand Canal, Venice," by Brigadier Rockingham Gill. The Society's twenty-eighth exhibition was opened by Sir Ralph Richardson at the Commonwealth Institute in South Kensington, London. It closes to-morrow, Sunday (November 1). The paintings are the work of members of the Armed Services, both serving and retired.

AN EXHIBITION OF ENGLISH SPORTING PICTURES: After he had officially opened the exhibition at Leggatt's Gallery, London, the Duke of Beaufort looks at "The Meet of the Quorn Hunt" by the early nineteenth-century artist John Ferneley. On view at the exhibition were forty-two pictures by English artists of the seventeenth to nineteenth centuries, all of them depicting the horse in English life. The proceeds of the exhibition went to the Olympic Games and International Equestrian Fund.

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Hawes Inn, South Queensferry

from the original by J. G. Rennie

THE AGE OF ELEGANCE . . .

Remembered boyhood reading of R. L. Stevenson's "Kidnapped" adds indefineable romance to the historic name of the Hawes Inn, which stands today at the eastern approach to the Royal and Ancient Burgh of South Queensferry just as King George IV saw it on his visit there in 1822. So also an indefineable romance attaches to the Scotch Whisky which is blended and bottled in this ancient Burgh—the blend with all the mature elegance of age.

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